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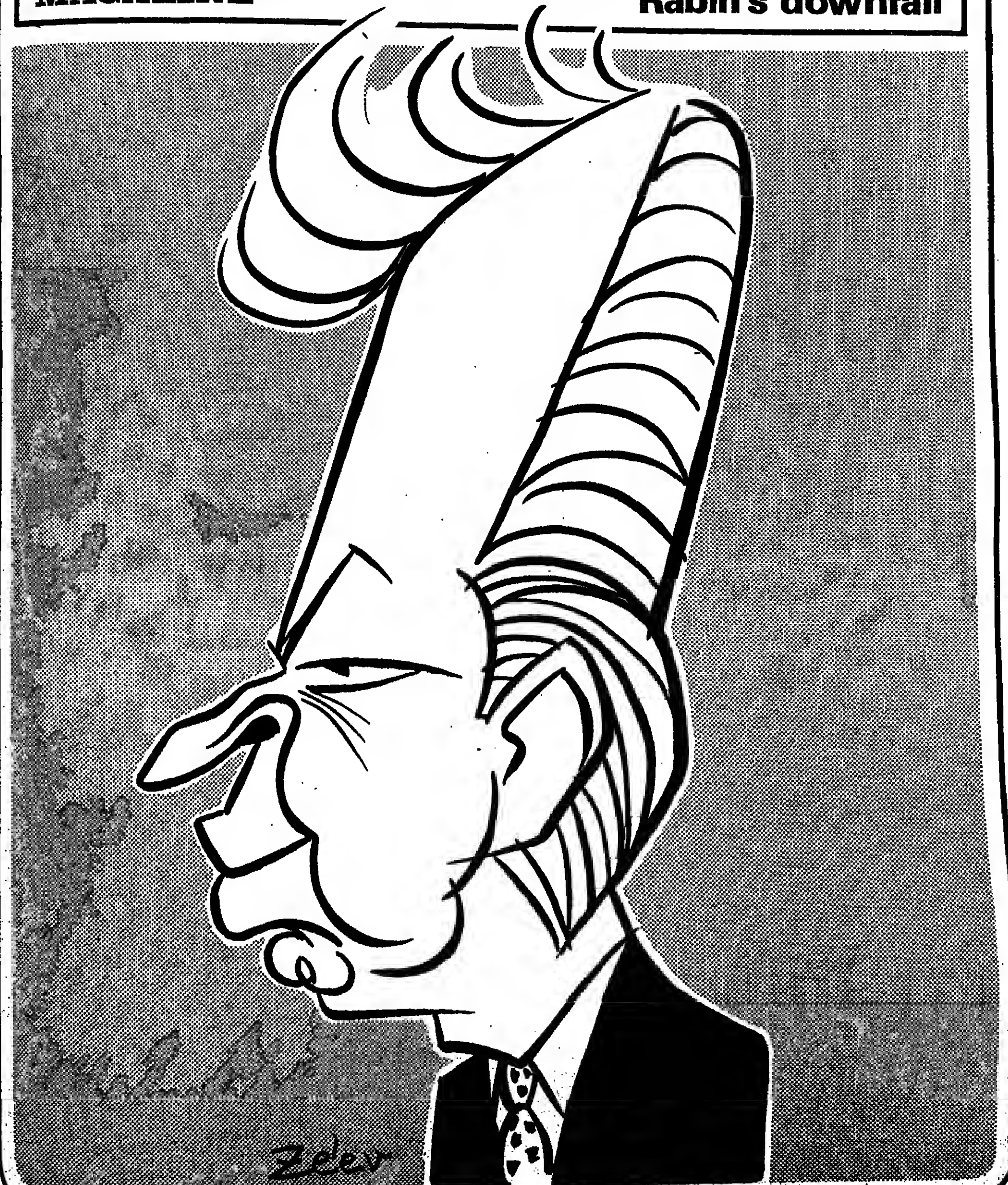
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, April 15, 1977

Rabin's downfall



הכרזה של ה"פוסט"

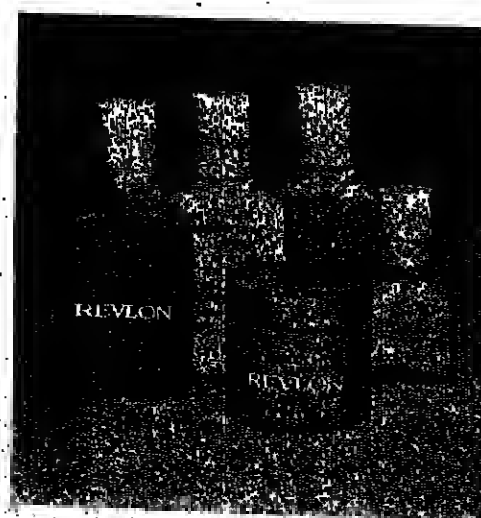


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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1977

הכזא מן האל



Cover drawing of Rabin by Ze'ev.

In this issue

Yoram Hamisrael reports from the northern border as the terrorists move against the Lebanese Christian and Muslim militias.

Robert Slater probes Rabin's background to find reasons for the Premier's ironic exit.

Philip Gillos interviews Tal Brody, just back from Belgrade.

David Krivine looks at the early days of Bank Leumi.

Helga Dudman discusses the place of women in politics. Ephraim Kleban names names.

Edward Grossman sees Burt Lancaster as Moses. Moshe Kohn reflects on the Holocaust.

Ruth Arielle Brody and Judah Passow get rocking in Nuwabe.

The Book Section reviews: the "magic circle" of the Israel Labour Party (Dina Spechler); the latest thrillers and suspense stories (Jannie Tarebulu); an obituary of modern art (Meir Koonen); a criminologist as cop (Yehuda Freg); a sex surrogate at work (PAV).

Aliza Morint looks at ethnic fashion: Mendel Kohnsky sees some staged Bernstein.

Martha Melsels goes to a children's supervisor. Haim Shapiro finds that tomatoe taste different.

The Art Page: Gil Goldfine goes to the International Art Fair. Ephraim Harris goes round the Hattin galleries.

Dry Bones retells the tale of Pinocchio.

ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that this column will not be aimed at the same reader each time. The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own. We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

THE WAY TO LOOK AT THINGS

This article is about attitudes. It's a very personal and complex subject which obviously cannot be treated as would a column on National Insurance or Housing. Attitudes can make a tremendous — if not all the difference in the way you view your new life in Israel. The right attitude can make your adjustment a much easier one.

Even the most positive outlook cannot change customs regulations or alter housing procedures, provide an immediate grasp of the Hebrew language or guarantee you an income. No magic formula will dissolve bureaucracy or ensure social success. But attitudes can help you cope with all these problems, make them seem simpler, increase your tolerance and sense of proportion, as well as stimulate you to bring about changes wherever necessary.

We don't pretend great profundity or wisdom. The examples may seem oversimplified. We hope, however, that they will illustrate the points as we haven't the space to go deeper. Actually the concepts are very simple and may in some cases be obvious. But very often it is the most obvious that is the most elusive.

This article reflects the opinion of one writer. Readers of this column are invited to submit brief accounts of how (and which) attitudes proved helpful in their immigration and absorption processes. Excerpts from the most relevant and universally applicable of these will appear in a forthcoming column. Please indicate whether or not you wish your name to appear if your "Attitude" is chosen to be published. These should be sent to the

Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 616, Jerusalem.

SINCERITY

Your reasons for making aliyah and for remaining in Israel are probably highly individual. Some of you may seek the self-actualization to be found in your country, the religious atmosphere, the pioneer spirit, the Zionist ideal, or a combination of these.

In addition to personal motivation there is the matter of sincerity and commitment: There is also the distinction between coming to a new life or simply leaving an old one. The line of demarcation is a very fine one and may take considerable self-examination to distinguish. However these basic motivations can set the reaction pattern which will characterize your experiences in Israel. The stronger your commitment to Israel and to living in this country, the more flexible you will be, and the greater responsibility you will feel to "stick out" the difficulties and to attempt to bring about changes you feel are necessary.

Faced with language problems, employment, housing, bureaucracy, etc., setbacks may often dominate your thoughts and you may lose sight of the initial reason you came here. Remember why you came and your commitment to that idea. Don't lose sight of the fact that Israel is the Jewish homeland, and that it offers a home to all Jews — religious and secular — which cannot be found anywhere else in the world.

Israel is the only country to offer an entire system of egandas, concessions, and privileges to its new immigrants, who are housed, taught the language, given loans and tax concessions, etc. The system is far from perfect, but it does exist. Those of you who have tried settling and working in foreign

countries know how unique this system of immigrant concessions and privileges really is — with all its present problems and drawbacks.

REALITY VS. FANTASY

This is one of those "very simple" concepts about which an entire textbook can be written. Simply put, if you are realistic in your expectations — as opposed to being over-imaginative — of what a situation will be like, there is less chance that you will be disappointed and frustrated if the situation does not live up to — or down to — your fantasy. Basically, the point is to be as well-informed as possible about life in Israel before coming, to be aware of both the positive and negative aspects of life, if possible, before choosing it.

Many olim come to Israel with a thorough mastery of the Hebrew language, thinking that this alone will pave their way to a smooth absorption in their new country. While knowledge of the language is definitely an asset, fluency alone is not enough. You must also take into account that although the majority of the population is Jewish, vastly different backgrounds with a variety of mentalities and lifestyles are represented here. You must try to understand the people. You should prepare yourself for the differences that exist, and not give in to disillusionment and disappointment.

Prepare yourself in advance for day-to-day dealings. If you are planning to get your visa renewed, find out in advance what you must bring, what must be done. Gather together the necessary items, and give yourself plenty of time. Set your mental expectations for the possibility of encountering "red tape." With such preparation, you lessen the chances of being frustrated. Bureaucracy is a given

factor in the equation of immigration and absorption. If you try to ignore its existence you are bound to be disappointed.

INDEPENDENCE

There is no absolute division between dependence and independence, but you can observe that olim who come to Israel well-informed, with open minds, who are independent and willing to do for themselves, have an easier and smoother adjustment than those who arrive filled with expectations about what will be done for them. It is very important to realize that the absorption system is here to help new immigrants help themselves.

However, even if you are not the type who expects to be led by the hand, you may become frustrated. Try to maintain your spirit of independence and persistence.

RESPONSIBILITY

There are many special qualities about living in Israel that cannot be equalled anywhere else; but there are also some aspects which are quite difficult for Westerners to get used to. There are certain things that you may not want to adjust to — that you may not want to accept at all. In these cases, you must assume a personal responsibility to try to change them from within — as you would do anywhere else.

Voice your dissatisfaction to those involved. Offer constructive criticism. Be persistent. Set an example by your own behaviour. You can make a difference. Israel is your home, and thus your responsibility. When you come upon those irritating and frustrating aspects of life here, don't shrug your shoulders and walk away — do something! (L.K.)

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PAGE THREE

FOLLOWING THEIR conquest of the two Moalein villages, Al-Khlam and Talba, the Palestinian terrorists are now closer than ever to the Israeli settlements in the north. The terrorists told foreign correspondents that their orders were to "hold up the ring of Israeli security in the south of Lebanon."

The town of Al-Khlam, whose population up till two months ago was 20,000, most of them Shiite Moslems, with a small Christian minority, lies at the southern end of the mountain range which extends along the Hasbani River. The mountains here provide a view of Metulla and the main gate of the "Good Fence," as well as the northern end of the Hula Valley, Fatahland, and the enclave of villages under the control of the militia now known as the "Lebanese forces."

The stronghold at Al-Khlam, which was controlled by the Lebanese army and for a brief period by Israeli troops, is now in the hands of the Sa'eka organiza-

tion, whose men are busily digging and bringing in supplies. They boasted to visiting reporters that "they can see Metulla as if it were in the palm of their hands."

Foreign correspondents and television crews have been given an unprecedentedly close view of the Lebanese civil war straight from the outposts of the Syrian Liberation Army camps in Syria, showed a real aptitude for large-scale tactical planning and organization. They had in their possession armoured vehicles and artillery on a brigade scale. Their arsenal included not only the traditionally inaccurate Katyusha, but also an unlimited supply of artillery, including 155mm. and 180 mm. field-guns, heavy mortars, Orad short-range artillery rockets, and a variety of tanks. They were able to stop the Lebanese push westward to Bint Jibla in the central sector, near Kibbutz Dovev.

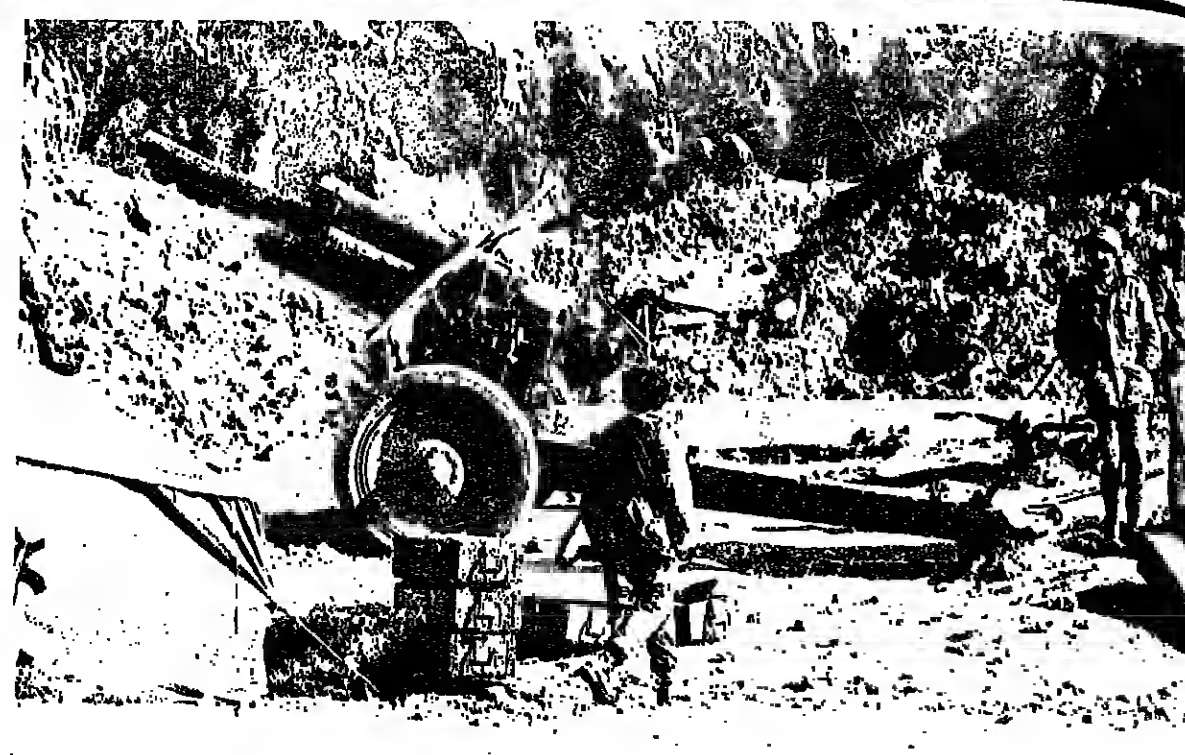
THE 2,000-STRONG Lebanese forces consisting of Moslems, Christians, and Druso soldiers under the command of Lebanese regular officers, were equipped with Sherman and AMX-13 tanks, M-113 and BTR armoured vehicles and mortars and cannon of various sizes.

The major problem of the Lebanese command, however, is manpower. In the two enclaves cut off from the north, all the men between 15 and 60 have been drafted into the militia. Almost all of them, however, are supporting their families by working in Israel. This means that when there is fighting, they do not show up for work, which makes it difficult for them to find permanent employment. During the difficult periods of prolonged fighting or anticipated terrorist attacks, neither the men nor the women come to work, which has recently led to cries of "Poor" and "Hungry" around the Ood Fence.

SINCE the changing of the Lebanese Chief of Staff in Beirut, who has turned a deaf ear to the troops in the south, the Lebanese soldiers have found themselves in similar straits. Gabby, a Phalangist veteran of the battle of Tel-el-Zastar, who returned to the south to defend his village in the enclave, complained early this week that the Phalangist main office has not sent his pay to his

destitute family for the past two months. Major Sa'ad Haddad, the seasoned commander of the "Lebanese forces," who has studied in the United States, told me that he is unable to find any replacements for the wounded. "We've scraped the bottom of the barrel, and now we only have the children and the young women left to recruit." Besides finding the appropriate manpower, he must also train tank and gun crews and teach his troops to fight from armoured vehicles.

Many of the best high-ranking officers and men have been lost. Kheiralla Salame, the first sergeant who led the successful defence attacks on Marjayoun and Al-Khlam, fell three weeks ago in an exchange of fire with the terrorists in a village north of Al-Khlam. Jean Rafael Dahar died in Syria, showed a real aptitude for large-scale tactical planning and organization. They had in their possession armoured vehicles and artillery on a brigade scale. Their arsenal included not only the traditionally inaccurate Katyusha, but also an unlimited supply of artillery, including 155mm. and 180 mm. field-guns, heavy mortars, Orad short-range artillery rockets, and a variety of tanks. They were able to stop the Lebanese push westward to Bint Jibla in the central sector, near Kibbutz Dovev.



Lebanese Christians manning a field artillery piece against terrorists. (Below) Major Haddad. (Photos: Hamirah)

THREAT IN THE NORTH

Israel has reason to be apprehensive about the activities of the Syrian-backed Palestinian terrorists in southern Lebanon, says Post reporter YORAM HAMIZRAHI. He describes the current situation, in which the horrors of the civil war are being repeated.



Major Sa'ad Haddad, the seasoned commander of the "Lebanese forces."

reorganize his men, who were battered and broken both physically and spiritually.

THE TERRORISTS, encouraged by their victory, and with the help of some of the local population, recaptured the Al-Khlam fortresses.

It was in the battle of Al-Khlam that Haddad's men proved themselves. The local commander organized his men well, led the retreat in an orderly fashion, preventing further loss of life while removing all the arms, communication and other vital equipment from the stronghold.

The commander who told me about the battle described their rearward defence, which caused heavy losses among the terrorists, including seven killed.

The fall of Al-Khlam caused renewed apprehension in the villages in the enclave. They could see the clouds of smoke rising from the houses of the members of the Abdullah clan, who were dealt with barbarically by the terrorists. Refugees who managed to escape told of the terrorists' atrocities. People began to talk of continuing the battle "to the very last man" in the enclave, which has been bombarded continually for the past few months in what can only be called a war of attrition.

One of the Christian leaders, Francis Rizk, a school principal with a degree in philosophy, urged his countrymen to "learn from the history of the Jews and the Armenians, from Massada and Musa Dag." Haddad was quoted by journalists as saying that the people have made the firm decision "to fight until the last drop of blood."

THIS IS NOT mere rhetoric. The people living in this enclave have proved beyond a shadow of a doubt their readiness to stand up to the most desperate of battles. When it was suggested that they evacuate the women and children to Israel they replied: "If we evacuate our families we will have nothing left to fight for."

Since last weekend, the Lebanese have been fortifying their villages with sandbags, barbed wire, and other obstacles. Trenches are being dug next to every house. It would appear that the promise to fight in the end is being taken very seriously.

Military observers, however, have declared that the situation of the Lebanese forces has not yet reached the critical point. They are holding on to most of the vital positions which control the area. The important post of Nabi Awaideh, which overlooks all the roads to Talba and Nabatiya, as well as Arnoun, with Beaufort Castle, the terrorist stronghold, on its border, are in their hands. They are still in control of Tel-Nashas and Tel Lubia, which overlook the Litani River and the Haddad Bridge. They are in the Hamamla mountain ridge near Metulla and in the fortresses of Marjayoun. Their artillery and tanks are striking hard at the terrorists. They have enough equipment and ammunition to withstand massive terrorist attacks, even by armour and motorized troops.

control of the vital junction in the area from which the Lebanese are sometimes able to make contact with the north.

THE SECURITY value of ridding the south of permanent, large-scale, organized terrorist activity is clear to all.

The Lebanese tragedy halted the direct confrontation between the Israeli Defence Forces and the terrorists. The northern Israeli settlements have enjoyed a fairly long period of relative quiet. This ideal situation is now endangered. A Lebanese priest was not wrong in his assessment of the situation: "The guerrillas are cutting us up in order to get at your throats."

The Syrians are already thinking about whether or not to renew the UN mandate on the Golan at the beginning of June and are mulling it known in Israel and more especially in the U.S. that it is they who control the escalation on Israel's northern border. It is they who will determine the timetable as they listen to the voices of the people in the north and measure the "worry-barometer" in order to pressure Israel, not only from the Golan, but now also from its sensitive northern border. The victims of this new pressure are the 20,000 residents of the enclave and the soldiers in the Lebanese forces.

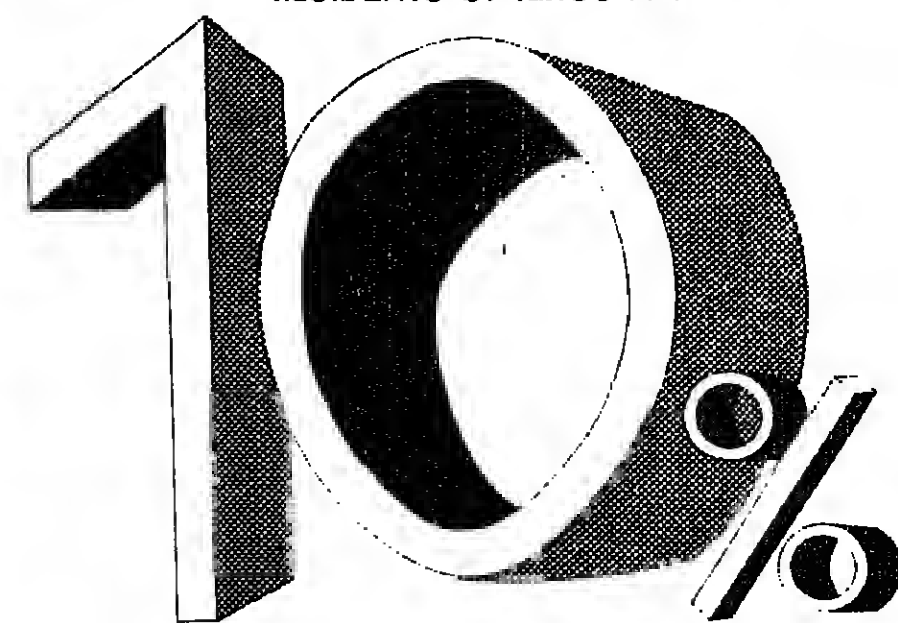
IN THE PAST year and a half, Israel's northern settlements have undergone unprecedented fortification. The Northern Command is working tirelessly in every settlement. There are new defence installations and positions throughout the entire area. Each settlement is being prepared to turn into a fortress in case of war. Even the civilian population is being prepared. The Northern Commander, General Raphael Eytan (Rafal), places great importance on civil defence as "the outer shell of the country which will give the army the opportunity to organize and centralize its forces."

It should not be forgotten, however, that even with its massive fortifications from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, Israel's northern border is its most vulnerable. The Haifa oil refineries are within reach of the Syrian long-range artillery. Other towns such as Acre, Nahariya and Safad are in the firing line, as well as Kiryat Shmona, Ma'alot, and Shlomi. Kiryat Shmona is within 8 km. of Rub Tajiatoen and Selrat-Kanishah and 10 km. of Al-Khlam. An entire line of moshavim, kibbutzim, regional schools, industrial plants, and roads are within firing distance.

One of Haddad's officers warned me: "The guerrillas have returned to the area well trained and well equipped. They have armoured forces and artillery. Should they decide to attack one of your settlements, they will succeed quickly and without any difficulties. Don't say afterwards that you were surprised."

The situation does not look too good. Last week, the sounds of war across the border could be clearly heard. From Kiryat Shmona along the road to Safad, one could follow the screaming of the ambulances. From Metulla you could see the war and its brutality. Mordechai Moyal, the manager of the Kiryat Shmona branch of Magen David Adom, who has been active day and night in the clinic at the Good Fence, said to me: "In the past few days, I've aged 10 years." This feeling is shared by all who have witnessed the renewed tragedy unfolding at our northern frontier.

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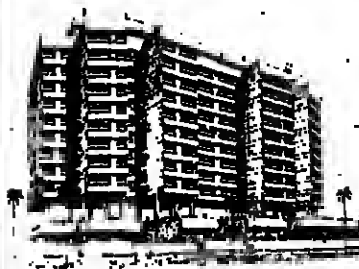
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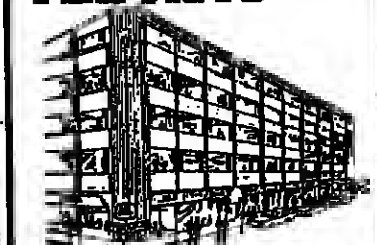
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הגזן מן האל

NOTHING IN Yitzhak Rabin's early years provides a clue to what has happened to him this week — the unravelling of his political career on account of acknowledged financial irregularities. His roots are so solidly immersed in the socialist tradition that it is indeed odd to find Rabin in the midst of a scandal revolving around a matter that was taboo to mention in his family.

From his immigrant parents Rabin learned — at least as a youth — that money was the plaything of the rich, an object to be shunned, a subject not worthy of talk, much less avid pursuit. "We never felt the motivation for money or the like at home," said Rabin in one of his reminiscences about his early years.

The values that did count in the Rabin home all led away from the quest for riches: above all, his parents prodded their son to become a kibbutznik, a farmer who worked the land and thereby made his contribution to the well-being of the burgeoning Jewish community in Polesztino. (Rabin's sister Rahel has spent the last 35 years as a member of a kibbutz near the Lebanese frontier.)

Rabin was also taught the importance of public service, of deemphasizing one's private life and giving one's all for the common good. His mother, Rosa Cohen, was a zealot on this score — she sometimes went so far as to turn her entire salary over to other, less well-off members of the Labour movement in Palestine. Clearly, Rabin understood what his parents were trying to tell him on this point: his entire career was spent in the service of his country, as a soldier, diplomat, and then as prime minister.

RABIN NEVER really made it to the kibbutz, but his parents understood that the fault was not their son's. Like so many other Jewish youngsters in the Palestine of those days, Rabin gradually took on soldiering as a full-time task.

He — and his immediate commanders, including Yigal Alon — discovered quickly that he was well-suited to the military: early in the game he developed skills in planning military operations which earned him promotion after promotion; by the time the War of Independence had ended in 1949, he was well on his way to attaining a senior position in the new Israeli Defence Forces. He was, at war's end, only 27 years old.

In all the positions of command he was to assume in the 1950s and 1960s, Rabin succeeded in winning the acclaim of the officers around him. His ability to master every aspect of a battle plan as well as every inch of a weapon continuously won him new admirers. Yet, with these successes came heavier and heavier responsibilities for the safety of his men. While he would never acknowledge it to anyone, privately he suffered from the increasing weight of this burden, a burden imposed on him because of the decisions he alone would have to take. The classic example, in his case, was of course his conduct on the eve of the Six Day War.

WHATEVER construction one wishes to place on the illness which befell Rabin just before the 1987 war, there is at least no question that circumstances evolved to put him under the greatest strains of his life. If he had felt somewhat troubled by the amount of responsibility for men's lives before this, the anguish which swept through him on war's eve a decade ago far

IRONIC EXIT



Money caused Rabin's downfall. But it is odd to find Rabin in a scandal revolving round a matter that was taboo in his family. ROBERT SLATER, who is completing a biography of Rabin, probes into his background to find clues that would suggest some kind of continuity between the past and the events of this week. He finds none.

surpassed anything he had felt in the past. While his absence from his post as Chief of Staff was brief — only a day or so — the feeling lingered long afterward that, somehow, Rabin was incapable of acting strongly in moments of great tension and stress.

In the years since then, he has undertaken acts of great strength and exhibited an ability to take tough decisions. (Entebbe is but one example; his resignation last week another.) Nevertheless, the heavy military responsibilities he had carried for so many years left him, after the Six Day War, with a longing to take off his uniform.

It is small wonder, then, that Rabin pressed for the appoint-

ment as Israeli Ambassador to the United States. From those visits, and from the memories he still holds of his father's happy years in the U.S. before and during World War One, Rabin formed a positive image of America. He was impressed with its technological might, its military strength, and its intricate but, to his mind, highly-successful political machinery. The whole country seemed a model which other nations, like Israel, ought to emulate. Interestingly, in all of Rabin's recollections of America which I have come across, he has talked exclusively about the personal side of the country, never showing any special sense of envy about the material luxuries of the American style of life.

THERE IS little doubt that Rabin's five years in Washington wrought a change in his own style of living. As ambassador, he came into contact with men and women who belonged to the kind of social scene which he had never experienced. With the trappings of being the recently-triumphant Chief of Staff of Israel's army in the Six Day War, Rabin was naturally an instant celebrity.

Though he despised the numerous cocktail parties he was forced to attend, he was still the focus of attention at many. That aspect of the social life he certainly enjoyed. Free from the rigid formalism of army life, where junior officers were timid about trying to get close to their Chief of Staff, and where Rabin's own shyness kept many a safe distance from him, in Washington he could now take part in a more convivial form of living.

The pressures of warfare were far behind, the sense of responsibility for soldiers' lives no longer gnawed at him. True, he had an obligation to keep American-Israeli relations on the right path, no small task, but in this effort he shared the responsibility with other leaders in Jerusalem — and he was, after all, only the ambassador, not the foreign minister or prime minister.

He was a spokesman for his country, but in America he was also receiving an education in attitudes and life style which to him were all new and fascinating.

NONE OF these observations are meant to explain or to justify what Rabin did. If Rabin had been a far less important public figure, we would find it much less intriguing to probe into his background for possible clues or hints that would suggest some kind of continuity between the past and the events of this last week. I find none.

One of the most interesting aspects of Rabin's behaviour this week has been his openness about the entire incident. Admittedly, he waited some time before speaking out at length about his and his wife's bank accounts in the U.S. But, unlike in the past when unpleasant aspects of his personal life were made public property, he chose this time to take his case to the public — and fairly quickly.

In the past, his attitude toward going public with a defence or explanation of his personal behaviour had been to keep as silent as possible, in the hope that the affair might blow over, and in the conviction that the more he said, even in defence, about allegations made against him, the greater the chance his enemies would have to exploit the matter in the future. I am particularly struck by the almost total blackout Rabin has long imposed on the subject of his illness before the Six Day War, a subject that has

fascinated Rabin-watchers for a decade.

In the case of the bank accounts, Rabin received much the same advice from some friends — keep quiet, play it cool, and probably not much will happen to you. But he rejected this advice, most likely because he sensed — correctly, as it was to turn out — that he had little choice but to face the reality that his political career would never survive in the midst of a police probe of him or his family.

INEVITABLY, the tantalising question arises of how Rabin's resignation compares with the Watergate experience. One can point to differences in the way Nixon and Rabin reacted to the scandals mushrooming around them: Nixon fighting to stay in power until it was impossible not to step down; Rabin, accepting his fate quickly. Where Nixon always seemed sullen, Rabin actually could smile at this week's Labour Party Central Committee meeting.

Other differences exist too: Watergate enveloped the U.S. for years as a subject of controversy; the Rabin bank account affair clearly became Topic Number One in many Israeli homes during the past month, but I had the feeling Rabin drew far more sympathy than did Nixon for resigning. This leads almost inevitably to the question of what will become of Yitzhak Rabin.

If Rabin's past is any guide, he will struggle to remain a public figure, not so much out of pride, but more because this has been his trade, and he has 30 years of experience behind him. It is difficult to imagine him spending his days doing nothing else but listening to speeches from his seat in the Knesset.

If he is to become a minister in Shimon Peres' government (should such a government be voted into office), he will not have the responsibility or prestige he has just enjoyed for nearly three years, and most likely, he will not even be in a senior spot. Before Rabin's long-term future can be sorted out, the legal situation must be clarified, and this will certainly take some time.

IF I MAY close on a personal note — in the research I am completing on Yitzhak Rabin, I never once probed into the question of his integrity. It was taken as a part of the man that required no further investigation or clarification. Were I to begin again — and with the bank account affair behind me, rather than in the future — I would almost invariably try to inspect this aspect of the Rabin character.

In the past week, since Rabin's resignation, I have been asked often if I thought Rabin's legal difficulties were consistent with his past, was there a strand of consistency running through his life which might help one to understand how Rabin managed to get into this predicament?

I find the question hard to answer for it would require the kind of insight into Rabin's mind that only he can provide. And I seriously doubt whether this introverted and complicated man will permit one to break through the periphery — and get at his motivations.

Were he to do this, I suspect that we would then know not only much more about Yitzhak Rabin, but much more about the State of Israel and about ourselves, the people who inhabit the country. □

Mr. Slater's book is to be published by Robson in England.



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הכזא מן האל

Tal Brody has just made sporting history for Israel by leading Tel Aviv Maccabi's basketball team to the first victory in a major international competition ever attained by an Israeli contingent. PHILIP GILLON discusses with him his reactions to the triumph, and how he and the other American immigrants on the Tel Aviv Maccabi team have adjusted to life in Israel.

هكذا من الأصل

Bewildered Moses

Edward Grossman

TYPICALLY, THE actors who have played Moses in the movies have displayed profiles worthy of glamorous political candidates (recall Charlton Heston). The latest Moses, Burt Lancaster, is also handsome and mesomorphic; at times, however, his face becomes mild and beautiful, his blue eyes turn from metallic to liquid, and theoretically that should give him some advantage over his two-dimensional predecessors.

In fact, Lancaster comes across as a rather kindly, somewhat bewildered figure in *Moses*, a television movie which has now been released as a feature-length film and is playing in Israel. Apparently Lancaster decided to play his star part with a sense of burning dignity. He tries to move slowly, as if feeling his age and grappling with concepts (ot 60, Lancaster is blessed with a springy athlete's body). He often knits his brows. Deep intensity, strong intellect, separation from his people, the capability to be cruel, the seismid the affects that he achieves.

So far, as it leaves an impression, Lancaster's performance makes Moses look like a likable contemporary carried along by events he can't understand. He doesn't look as if he could have written the Law. And when Nathan and the rebel priests accuse him of being a "murderous trickster," there seem to be no grounds for it.

Anthony Burgess, who wrote the screenplay, probably didn't intend that occultism to sound gratuitous. The Moses in his script speaks informally, like anyone today, and he has his moments of vociferation where he goes in and out of focus, but he can be resourceful, menacing, and sardonic: "I'm sick of you all!" he snarls. "To make the world took six days; to make laws for the Israelites may take much longer," he gulps on his way up to Mt. Sinai.

All in all, this Moses is probably meant to be heroic. He chooses life as against the death-principle of Egypt. Hearing a voice, he frames laws sanctioning and sanctifying the right life and forces them down the throat of his fickle, gifted people, having asked

them first, rhetorically, whether they chose to accept the Law and the Covenant that goes with it. Meanwhile, he leads them back to a homeland they are bound to recover violently.

BURGESS seems to have familiarized himself with some of the scholarly disputes, selecting here and there without excessive thought to unity.

For example, the Israelites try to do away with Moses in the desert. The idea of the one all-powerful God is actually a revival of an Egyptian heresy. The voice that speaks to Moses from the Burning Bush identifies itself as the same that spoke to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Moses is a Hebrew child saved from drowning, as the Bible says.

Yet in the best modern manner, conforming to enlightened understanding of religious experience, the disembodied voice on the soundtrack when Moses kneels before the bush is Lancaster's own, speaking in a lower register.

On paper, Burgess's eclectic Moses gives some promise of being formidable. But though Burgess appears to have been genuinely interested in the leader's personality, he also had to be professionally intent on writing a fast-moving, apologetic entertainment covering most of the epic ground: his audience demanded that.

Moses is just the first of a string of Bible spectacles that are going to be turned out by an Italian company with American money, and televised internationally. (*Jesus of Nazareth*, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, is out). Spoken in English, dubbed and/or subtitled in many languages not excluding Japanese, these movies are being counted on to reach hundreds of millions of viewers.

The large audience is curious about personality, conceived of as gossip or "human interest"; but it wants action, too. Much of the focus on character and whatever rigour and imagination Burgess wished to bring to bear in drawing Moses, must be sacrificed in translating the script into good mass entertainment.

To a producer having this kind of appeal in mind, casting Lancaster makes sense. Viewers are more comfortable with a story they know. Lancaster's face com-



Moses descends Mt. Sinai with the tablets of the law.

(Rubinger).

mands instant recognition, making the great antiquity being depicted less savage and strange. To use unknowns, as Pier Paolo Pasolini did in *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, is risky business. Carrying logic further, it was also right to cast Anthony Quayle as Aaron, Irene Papas as Zipporah, and Ingrid Thulin as Miriam, no matter that Moses and his relatives appear to have nothing in common, not even a family resemblance.

Thulin, her hair dyed Semitic-black, sings Miriam's song of triumph in a Swedish accent; Quayle enunciates superbly, and sometimes manages to convey a weak and pragmatic Aaron; Papas wears her patented Greek widow mask. It would have taken a director with other ambitions, in control of a considerable skills, to break through these stars and make their talents work dramatically.

Gianfranco de Bosio, the main director of *Moses*, who has experience mostly in staging operas, did not live dangerously with the actors and actresses. Following Burgess, he provides a short glimpse of Moses crawling into a sleeping bag with Zipporah, but there is so little fear or awareness of the Hebrews and Papas that this scene leaves a small impression.

The hodgepodge qualities of *Moses* are no doubt also due to the fact that it was interrupted by the Yam Kippur War. A second director, James Hill, was brought in for continuity, and transition scenes,

arguments requiring Brbr. Zbysz. Only TV announcers can manage it. They toss it off like hot. Bloody show-offs. How do they do it? Training, I guess. Exercises. Ten minutes every morning: Zbyszewski Brzezinski, Zbyszewski Zbyszewski, etc.

What bats me is how a big power like the U.S. dares entrust its security to a man with a name like that. I can just picture the fateful moment when the White House adjutant rushes frantically into the President's bedroom and shouts:

"Warning of a surprise nuclear attack, sir! Only 90 seconds left! Just had word from Mr. Zbyszewski... no, Mr. Zbyszewski... CRASH!"

ALL RIGHT, let's be honest — I never was good with names. For three years I repeated Solzhenitsyn-Solzhenitsyn to myself, and when, at last, I was

in order that the production might be finished not too far behind schedule. Hill, who made the animal movie *Born Free*, has a more ingenious touch than de Bosio; the contrast jms.

On the other hand, the decision to make the movie in the Sinai and the Negev was a lucky stroke. The modest, conscientiously-researched costumes, the suggestively-detailed instead of grossly didactic renderings of Pharaonic grandiosity and death worship, help remove *Moses* a distance from the usual, empty Hollywood treatment.

The play of light on the dunes and rock of the original wilderness makes the most important difference, however. This is a "set" in the notable meaning, an environment that can change those who find themselves in it.

PREVIOUS Exodus movies gave no hint of connection between the psychic happenings that befell Moses and the people, and the landscape they experienced there in.

The Exodus used to be shot in the Mojave Desert, a convenient locale, prelate of cowboys and Indians, not forsaken by God, not inhabited by Him. Remote-laction equipment has been miniaturized and perfected since the days of Cecil B. DeMille; improvements in lenses, cameras, film, and laboratory processes make technical seem crudely innocent. That is one of the reasons the desert is so much more present in *Moses* than in *The Ten Commandments*.

It is also because something peculiar elides in the Sinai-Negev? The wilderness photographed in *Moses* by the chief cameraman, Marcello Gatti (who photographed Gille Pantecorva's *The Battle of Algiers*), strongly suggests that this particular stretch of nature might have moved a susceptible man to thoughts he had never had before.

Even in the confines of a TV screen, the desert here is without limit and the opposite of dead or monotonous. De Bosio, the director, was not up to explaining this potential in full or relating his own to it, especially Moses. But there are some good moments, and one stupendous shot, lasting five seconds at most, of a priest blowing the ram's horn at dawn — the blasts echo along the granite cliffs, as if man and rocks were in dialogue. □

Reprinted from *Commentary*, by permission.

away: "Who? Whom did you mean?" — and the game would be up. Roundabout Purim I had a few good days: I caught a cold and could get by under cover of a sneeze, a coughing fit. After that, I gave up. Now, I keep a scrap of paper in my pocket with the Zbyszewski spelled out on it. As soon as I smell Carter and defensible borders, I tiptoe out to the john, peep, and return mumbling Brzezinski... Brzezinski... damn!

How many times can a fellow go back to the john? And then — bilial! Yesterday, I open the paper and what do I see? A headline: "B: The Russians May Change Their Mind Yet."

That's the instinct for survival at work. From now on, I'll say Mr. B. Sounds kind of sophisticated, too. B. Like K. Though right now I'm no longer sure if it shouldn't be Z. Wait till I look it up in the paper. □

By arrangement with "Ma'ariv" Translated by Miriam Arad

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1977

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

HAGARIM HANIVVER FESTIVAL — Humorous sketches by the comedy trio (Shmuel Ha'omah, Wednesday at 9 and midnight)

EVENING OF FOLKLORE — Song and dance (Shmuel Ha'omah, Thursday)

EVENING OF JAZZ — Independence Day Jazz festival with the Rubin Academy Jazz Ensemble. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Beasli, Wednesday at 10 p.m.)

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS — Music, songs, dance. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

RAJTIME AND BLUES — (Tzavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ADAM AND HAVAI — Musical comedy by Yonatan Gefen. (Ohal, Beit Arlossoff, 6 Beilinson, Saturday at 9 p.m.; Dekal, Wednesday at 9.45 and 11.45 p.m.)

SEER AND GOOD CHEER — Taping of the radio programme with Ya'acov Agmon. (Beit Lezvi, 34 Walsmann, Sunday at 9.30 p.m.)

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE — Songs and dances. (Beit Lezvi, Walsmann and Pinksu, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

IMPROVIZATIONS — Directed by Peter Frey. With Ya'acov Ben-Sira, Shimon Yarnol, Albert Cohen, Zohar Harel and Rivka Miron. (Beit Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 8.30 and 11.30)

LOVE IN THE BALANCE — Songs and dances. (Beit Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 9 p.m.; Tel Aviv Museum, Reenall Auditorium, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MATTI CASEI — Songs and guitar. (Tzavta, 38 Ibn Gvirol, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m. and midnight)

MEMPHIS SLIM — Accompanied by Michelle Dennis. (Beit Lezvi, Walsmann and Pinksu, Wednesday at 10 p.m. and midnight; Tel Aviv University, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU — Musical comedy with Gadi Yagil, written by Dan Almagor, Dani Raviv, Yael Silber, Duda Topaz and Yonatan Gefen. (Beit Lezvi, 34 Walsmann, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT — With Eli Gorfinkel, Yoni Auri, Mira Rabinovitch, Sassy Keshet. (Ramat Gan, Ordes, tonight at 9.30)

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

SECOND ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN PIANO MASTER COMPETITION — Gala Concert of the first three prize-winners, with Ellyahu Inbal conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra (Binyonal Ha'omah, Saturday)

CHAMBER MUSIC — Ilana Shapira, Ruth Hanes, Hani, Notanda Dvorka, soprano. Works by Bartok, Schumann, Debussy. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — White Series No. 9 — Lukas Foss conducting. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

YIDOM-TRIO — Victor Deravianska, piano; Dora Schwartzberg, violin; Mark Drabinsky, cello. (Chag Muele Centre, Elin Karem, Monday). Special "United Nations" bus from office near King David Hotel, at 7.30 p.m., from Kings Hotel at 7.45, from Mount Herzl, at 8 p.m. — return trip assured.

OPENING OF "SPRING IN JERUSALEM" — The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra.

Haifa

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 7 — Ellyahu Inbal conducting, with Uri Wicet, solo — works by Beethoven, Ben-Haim, Haydn. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday)

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1977

Arlossoff, 6 Beilinson, Monday and Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ON THE WESTERN TRAIL '77 — Blue Grass music with the Golden String Quartet. (Beit Lezvi, 34 Walsmann, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

SHERET OROU — Popular Songs. (Beit Lezvi, 34 Walsmann, tonight at midnight)

SONGS OF NATAN YONATHAN — With the Brothers and Sisters. (Beit Lezvi, 34 Walsmann, tonight at 9.30)

Haifa

DI GASN ZINGORINS — Yiddish entertainment with Terry Gabor and Monica Moldas. (Yahday Itel, Beit Boneh Square, Sat. at 8.45 and 9.15 p.m.)

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE — (Shavit Theatre, 3 Haasport, tonight at 9.30)

INDEPENDENCE DAY FESTIVAL — Hosts: Haim Yaviv, with Yehoram Olan — Orchestra, Kalulu 77 Gypsy Troupe (Russian songs and dances); Theatre Club Quartet, and Western Trail '77 (Blue Grass Music). (Romania Sports Stadium, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

MEMPHIS SLIM — (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

ON THE WESTERN TRAIL '77 — (Beit Lezvi, 34 Walsmann, tonight at 9.30)

Other Towns

ADAM AND HAVAI — (Holot, Rina, tonight at 9.30)

HAGARIM HANIVVER FESTIVAL — (Kiryat Bialik, Sayon Hall, tonight at 9.30)

IMPROVIZATIONS — (Herzliya, Yad Lebnaim Hall, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

LOVE IN THE BALANCE — (Kiryat Ono, tonight at 10; Kfar Sava, Hetelel Hatarbut, Wednesday at 10.45 p.m.)

MEMPHIS SLIM — (Avihall, Beit Hagidim, tonight at 9.30; Rehovot, Wix Auditorium, Saturday at 9.30 p.m.; Vith, Monday at 9 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU — (Beit Lezvi, Haifa, tonight at 9.30)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT — With Eli Gorfinkel, Yoni Auri, Mira Rabinovitch, Sassy Keshet. (Ramat Gan, Ordes, tonight at 9.30)

Luhas Foss conducting, with Nikita Magaloff, piano; the Ashdod Orchestra, Choir, Holland, Choir Master: Hans Rech. (Haifa, 101 Olengoff, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

TEL AVIV

SECOND ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN PIANO MASTER COMPETITION — Gala Concert with the first three prize-winners, with Ellyahu Inbal conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra (Mann Auditorium, Sunday)

THE TEL AVIV QUARTET — Chaim Taub, violin; Yefim Bolko, violin; Daniel Ben-Ami, viola; Uri Wicet, cello; Vera Edinger, clarinet. (Beit Lezvi, 34 Walsmann, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

11.11 SERIES — Yair Kleiss, violin; Pinna Salzman, piano. (Tzavta, 38 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 11.11 a.m.)

VOCAL ENSEMBLE — Conducted by Avner Itat. (Tzavta, 38 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday)

Haifa

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 7 — Ellyahu Inbal conducting, with Uri Wicet, solo — works by Beethoven, Ben-Haim, Haydn. (Haifa Auditorium, Monday)

EQUUS — Peter Shaffer's play about a boy who engaged the eyes of five horses. Theatrical play with Shimon Dignan. (Gresh staging by British director Peter James falls to generate the passion without which the



Members of the Haifa Municipal Theatre in Garson Kanen's play 'Born Yesterday.'

play has little meaning. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Olengoff, Sunday)

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

ABOVE AND BEYOND — Actor Oded Teomel relates some of his mystical experiences and reads excerpts from famous plays and literary works. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Beasli, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter-sweet story of two emigrants from a communist country. A peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who came to write a book on freedom but lost the way. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

FANSHAN — Joint Camari and Eitan production based on the book by William Hinton which attempts to trace the roots of the Chinese revolution. Directed by Haim Bir. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — Translated by Shmuel Agmon; directed by Alan Polg. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Beasli, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers, produced by the Camari Theatre. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani St., Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA — Satirical comedy written by Ella Sagie about an Israeli seeking his fortune in America, with Ya'acov Bado, Gadi Yagil, Rachel Daye, Shmuel Harel, Marina Rosel and Avi Hoffman. Produced by the Lila Theatre. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani St., Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

BORN YESTERDAY — The Haifa Theatre's revival of the thirty-year-old Broadway comedy under Nola Chilton's direction shows how quickly comedies of this sort age, but the show is still amusing, with a great deal of pace and a memorable performance by Gili Kline as the dumb broad who sees the light. (Cameri, 101 Olengoff, Saturday)

GARFAS — Peter Handke's play about the evils of civilization represented by apoech, an excellent production by the Alternative Theatre, directed by Motia Sandak, with a remarkable performance by Asher Zarfaty in the title role. (Tel Aviv University, Bar Shira Hall, tonight at midnight)

DEEP WATER — New Habimah production by Haim Mithelpunkt. Directed by Avner Itat. Attempts to stir the lives of a group of youths who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Habimah's Small Hall, Saturday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA — The Lila Theatre's production of William Inge's play, directed by Ellyahu Inbal. (Yahday Hall, Beit Boneh Square, tonight at 9)

MYLENT NIGHT HAIN HONIK — Yiddish play staged by British director Peter James falls to generate the passion without which the

OTHERWISE ENOAOED — (Haifa Municipal Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Olengoff, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETUAN — Brecht's play, translated by Shimon Sandbank, about the suffering of a good woman destined to live in a corrupt town of sinners. (Habimah's Large Hall, Saturday, Sunday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT — A hilarious, nonsensical French farce moving at dizzying speed, with dazzling set and costumes guaranteed to keep everyone in stitches. A Habimah Theatre production. (Habimah's Large Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MOMENTS — Haifa Theatre production of Nathan Alterman's musical play about Little Tel Aviv of the 30s. (Tzavta, 38 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9 and midnight; Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

NIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH — Haifa Theatre's production about the origin of the Antichrist. Tense drama, beautifully staged by Nala Chilton. (Tzavta, 38 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 7.30 and 10 p.m.; Thursday at 8.30 and 10 p.m.)

OPEN STAGE — Experimental Theatre. (Tzavta, 38 Ibn Gvirol, today at 3)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED — A clever, sophisticated but essentially empty comedy, by Simon Gray, about a man who wants to spend the afternoon listening to music, but is bent by other people's problems. (Cameri, 101 Olengoff, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

FOOT ON A SUITCASE — Habimah Theatre production. (Habimah's Large Hall, 17 Nahmani St., Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS — A comedy by the Khan Theatre. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani St., Monday at 9 p.m.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF — A revival of Edward Albee's play about a married couple united by mutual hatred, presented by the Habimah Theatre. Though the edges of the famous dialogue are slightly blunted, the play retains its life and the elocution carries terrific impact. Fine acting under the direction of Hy Knaus. (Habimah's Small Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

WHY IS THE ISRAELI BILLET — La Fille Mal Gardée (Joseph Lazzaro), accompanied by the Notanya Orchestra. (Kiryat Bialik, Ravon Hall, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

SILVIA DEBAN — Flamenco dancer. (Jerusalem, Plaza Hotel, Wednesday)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT FOR YOUTH — Ad Heston and Vanelan Zah. Works by Ravel, Grieg and others. (Tel Aviv, Tzavta, 38 Ibn Gvirol, Wednesday at 11 a.m.)

GOLDY LOCKS & THE THREE BEARS — Play for children. (Haifa, Beit Abba Khouby, 71 Shira, Saturday at 11 a.m.)

TRUMBOLINA — Trippi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Haye. (Ayelot Hasehar, Vot Lezvi, Sunday at 8 p.m.; Haderi Hof, Monday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA — Kalmann Die Bajadera (Tel Aviv, Saturday) Puccini's Madama Butterfly (Jerusalem, Binyonal Ha'omah, Monday)

Far last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Ben Office.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Name it

Ephraim Kishon

THE OTHER day I decided I must be going senile. That, or plain gaga. The point is — I simply can't remember the name of President Carter's National Security Council Chief. I've seen it a hundred times in the paper, I've heard it on "Mabat," yet when I want to say it, nothing comes but a higgledy-piggledy tumble of consonants, made in Poland. At best, I remember it starts with an "R," and it's a bit like Brezhnev but with an "s" in the middle. Also, I can't keep his first and last names apart.

As if the political scene weren't hazy enough as it is.

There now, I take the paper and copy out the name s by s:

Zbyszewski Brzezinski. That's what he's called. Why? Dunno. Maybe it's the Poles' ravens on the West for throwing them to the bears. They've been pratty thorough too: they haven't left one syllable to hang a bit of mnemonics on.

Well, there's the "Big" at the start, but that isn't much to get on with. Because even if your little remembers it's a fallowid, and "naw," like Klav, it's ten to one he'll think: "Russian town? Russian town?" — and come up with Vladivostok by association. So much for mnemonics. I'm beginning to sympathize with Ambrosio Dinitz. There's a limit, after all.

IT'S GOT to a point where I try to avoid talking politics altogether because of "Bizelev or whatnot. Somebody mentions Carter — I'm on my way out of the room. Of late, I'm even willing to withdraw from all the occupied territories, just so as not to get involved in

arguments requiring Brbr. Zbysz. Only TV announcers can manage it. They toss it off like hot. Bloody show-offs. How do they do it? Training, I guess. Exercises. Ten minutes every morning: Zbyszewski Brzezinski, Zbyszewski Zbyszewski, etc.

What bats me is how a big power like the U.S. dares entrust its security to a man with a name like that. I can just picture the fateful moment when the White House adjutant rushes frantically into the President's bedroom and shouts:

"Warning of a surprise nuclear attack, sir! Only 90 seconds left! Just had word from Mr. Zbyszewski... no, Mr. Zbyszewski... CRASH!"

ALL RIGHT, let's be honest — I never was good with names. For three years I repeated Solzhenitsyn-Solzhenitsyn to myself, and when, at last, I was

fluent he went out of the news, and left me here with Giscard d'Estaing and Lee Radzwill.

So enough. I'm quitting. There's no more room in my brain for difficult names. All the cells up there are engaged. That's why I didn't go to Belgrade to watch The Gingers on account of those Mobil Gingers of Varese or what. I mean, Mobil what? Mobil Oil? GINGER ROGERS, dammit.

Zbyszewski Brzezinski. Actually it's his parents' fault. The sins of the fathers and all that.

I did briefly rebel. Whenever the name came up in good company, I'd duck. Somebody'd mention the Jewish lobby, say, so I'd declare:

"Everything depends on Carter's Kissinger."

Or else, under the guise of political irony:

"H'm, and what's our grim Pole got to say to that?"

So then of course the sadiats in the company would ask right

away: "Who? Whom did you mean?" — and the game would be up. Roundabout Purim I had a few good days: I caught a cold and could get by under cover of a sneeze, a coughing fit. After that, I gave up. Now, I keep a scrap of paper in my pocket with the Zbyszewski spelled out on it. As soon as I smell Carter and defensible borders, I tiptoe out to the john, peep, and return mumbling Brzezinski... Brzezinski... damn!

How many times can a fellow go back to the john? And then — bilial! Yesterday, I open the paper and what do I see? A headline: "B: The Russians May Change Their Mind Yet."

That's the instinct for survival at work. From now on, I'll say Mr. B. Sounds kind of sophisticated, too. B. Like K. Though right now I'm no longer sure if it shouldn't be Z. Wait till I look it up in the paper. □

By arrangement with "Ma'ariv" Translated by Miriam Arad

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1977

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BURT LANCASTER



2 shows 7, 9.30
It's a hilarious coast-to-coast,
180 mile-an-hour go-for-broke,
outrageous road race.

THE GUMBALL RALLY

Starring MICHAEL SARRAZIN
Co-Starring NORMAN BURTON GARY BUSEY
Technicolor
Presented by

GORDON Tel. 244876

8th week
LISA MINELLI
INGRID BERGMAN
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

NINA

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ROYAL Tel. 55851

She Wants It
But She Is Afraid
10, 12, 2, 4, 7.05, 9.30
Adults Only

GAT Tel. 267888

5th week
KAREN BLACK
JANBARA HARRIS
KUNEN BLAKLEY

NASHVILLE

6 and 9 sharp
No invitations, no reductions
ESTHER Tel. 225016

10th week
**I WILL...
I WILL...
FOR NOW**

ELIOTT GOULD
DIANE KEATON
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Adults Only

11th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**The story
Buford Pusser
wanted told...**

CARRIE

United Artists

SSSY SPACK
Directed by BRIAN DE PALMA
nominated for 2
academy awards!!

PARIS Tel. 286606

4th week
10-12-2-4-7.15-9.30
some people will do
anything for \$249,000.82

**PART 2
WALKING
TALL**

A "NOAH" Film in colour

LEMON Tel. 260778

Israel Premiere
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
* ANTHONY QUAYE
* ADRIANO PANENBAND
* CAPUCINE
* COLLEEN CLERY

**THE FORTUNE
COOKIE**

United Artists

PEER Tel. 448796

Israel Premiere
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
CATHERINE DENEUE
ANOUK AIMEE

in Film by
CLAUDE LELOUCH

BLUFF

"MESSIERI FILM"

MOGRABI Tel. 286881

8th week

STREISAND
KRISTOFFERSON

**A STAR
IS BORN**

4, 6.40, 9.30

GORDON Tel. 244876

8th week
LISA MINELLI
INGRID BERGMAN
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

NINA

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ROYAL Tel. 55851

She Wants It
But She Is Afraid
10, 12, 2, 4, 7.05, 9.30
Adults Only

ALLENBY Tel. 57820

81,000 People.
33 Exit Gates. One Sniper...
TWO MINUTE WARNING

CHARLTON HESTON
JOHN CASSAVETES
Sat. 7.15, 9.30

MAXIM Tel. 287457

2nd week
* ZEEV REVAH
* JACK CUFEN
* SHAIKE OPHIR

**A THIEF
FROM A THIEF
IS INNOCENT**

OPHIR Tel. 618321

5th week
LOUIS DE FUNES
**L'AILE OU
LA CUISSE**

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORLY Tel. 284025

3rd week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

**If only they
knew she
had the
power.**

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81,000 People.
33 Exit Gates. One Sniper...
TWO MINUTE WARNING

CHARLTON HESTON
JOHN CASSAVETES
Sat. 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 222760

3rd week
at 4.30, 7, 9.30
* HURD LANCASTER
* ANTHONY QUAYE
* INGRID TULLIN
* IRVING PAPAS
* LAURENT TENDIERRE

3000 years ago a simple man raised his staff and crushed an empire. This is his story.

SHALOM Tel. 287457

5th week
* ZEEV REVAH
* JACK CUFEN
* SHAIKE OPHIR

**A THIEF
FROM A THIEF
IS INNOCENT**

OPHIR Tel. 618321

5th week
LOUIS DE FUNES
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JOHN CASSAVETES
Sat. 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 222760

3rd week
at 4.30, 7, 9.30
* HURD LANCASTER
* ANTHONY QUAYE
* INGRID TULLIN
* IRVING PAPAS
* LAURENT TENDIERRE

3000 years ago a simple man raised his staff and crushed an empire. This is his story.

STUDIO Tel. 285817

4th week

NETWORK

Starring
FAYE DUNAWAY
WILLIAM HOLDEN
PETER FINCH
ROBERT DUVAL

Directed by SIDNEY LUMET
United Artists
Winner of 4 academy awards
4.30, 7, 9.30

HERZLIYA

DAVID Tel. 984021

From Noon
Till Three
7, 9.30
Wednesday no performance
Mata, on Sunday only
0 SOLE MIO
Santa Bergron (in German)

TIFERET Tel. 987800

ALAIN DELON
MR. KLEIN
7.15, 9.30

Netanya

ESTHER Tel. 987800

3rd week
**OPERATION
THUNDERBOLT**

Sat. 6, 7, 9.15
Weekdays: 4.30, 7, 9.15

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 16, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224820

2nd week
Marx Brothers
at the Races

EDEN Tel. 223820

5th week
Professor
MENACHEM GOLAN'S
MOVIE

**OPERATION
THUNDERBOLT**

Saturday 8.45-9.30
Weekdays 4-6.40-8.15

HABIRAH Tel. 282360

3rd week
at 4, 7, 9.30

* HURD LANCASTER
* ANTHONY QUAYE
* INGRID TULLIN
* IRVING PAPAS
* LAURENT TENDIERRE

MOSES

A "Seven Stars" release
DISTRIBUTION

3000 years ago a simple man raised his staff and crushed an empire. This is his story.

ALLENBY Tel. 57820

81,000 People.
33 Exit Gates. One Sniper...
TWO MINUTE WARNING

CHARLTON HESTON
JOHN CASSAVETES
Sat. 7.15, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 222760

3rd week
at 4.30, 7, 9.30
* HURD LANCASTER
* ANTHONY QUAYE
* INGRID TULLIN
* IRVING PAPAS
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* IRVING PAPAS
* LAURENT TENDIERRE

3000 years ago a simple man raised his staff and crushed an empire. This is his story.

Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 16, 1977

Saturday - 7, 9. Weekdays - 4, 7, 9

ARNON Tel. 720700

QUEEN KONG

ROBIN ASKWITH
LINDA LINDEN
4, 7.15, 9.30

HADAR Tel. 728822

Le Vieux Fusil

ROMY SCHNEIDER
PHILIPPE NOIRET
7.15, 9.30

ORDEA Tel. 721720

5th week
Operation
Thunderbolt

4, 7, 9.30

OASIS

THE KILLER

ELITE

JAMES CAAN
BURT YOUNG
7.10, 9.30

Matinee 4.00

DILBY

HAIFA Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 16,

The Week's TV/Radio Highlights

APRIL 15 - APRIL 21

FRIDAY



Yitzhak Perlmutter
Radio 1st, 10.15

SATURDAY



Irving Berlin
Army, 11.05

SUNDAY



Ray Charles
Radio 2nd, 11.05

MONDAY



Barry Scheraga
Army, 11.05

TUESDAY



Amos Oz
Army, 11.05

WEDNESDAY



Shoshana Danuri
TV, 11.40

THURSDAY



Naomi Shemer
Radio 2nd, 10.05

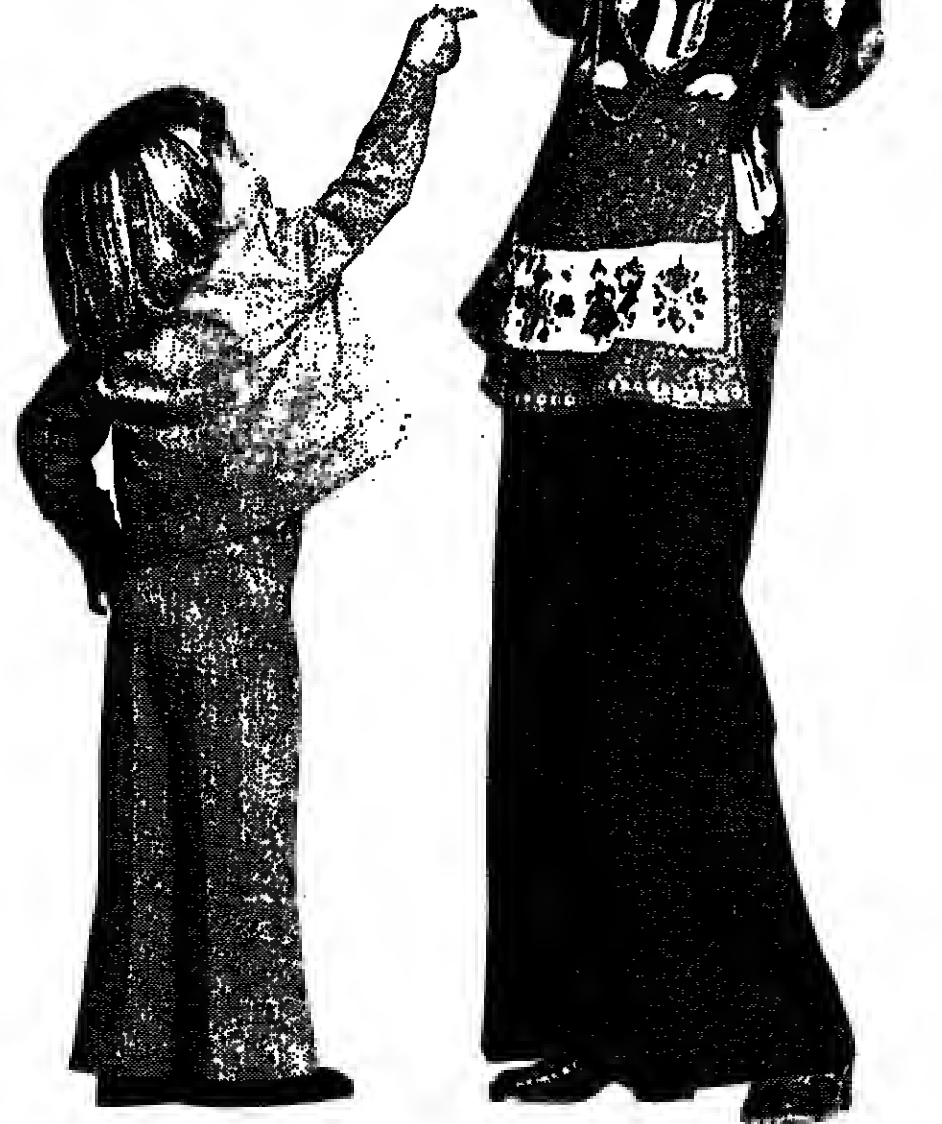
TV

EDUCATIONAL: 8.30 Math 7, 8.35 Science 8, 9.05 Math 8, 9.10 Math 9, 9.15 Math 10, 9.20 Math 11, 9.25 Math 12, 9.30 Math 13, 9.35 Math 14, 9.40 Math 15, 9.45 Math 16, 9.50 Math 17, 9.55 Math 18, 10.00 Math 19, 10.05 Math 20, 10.10 Math 21, 10.15 Math 22, 10.20 Math 23, 10.25 Math 24, 10.30 Math 25, 10.35 Math 26, 10.40 Math 27, 10.45 Math 28, 10.50 Math 29, 10.55 Math 30, 11.00 Math 31, 11.05 Math 32, 11.10 Math 33, 11.15 Math 34, 11.20 Math 35, 11.25 Math 36, 11.30 Math 37, 11.35 Math 38, 11.40 Math 39, 11.45 Math 40, 11.50 Math 41, 11.55 Math 42, 12.00 Math 43, 12.05 Math 44, 12.10 Math 45, 12.15 Math 46, 12.20 Math 47, 12.25 Math 48, 12.30 Math 49, 12.35 Math 50, 12.40 Math 51, 12.45 Math 52, 12.50 Math 53, 12.55 Math 54, 1.00 Math 55, 1.05 Math 56, 1.10 Math 57, 1.15 Math 58, 1.20 Math 59, 1.25 Math 60, 1.30 Math 61, 1.35 Math 62, 1.40 Math 63, 1.45 Math 64, 1.50 Math 65, 1.55 Math 66, 2.00 Math 67, 2.05 Math 68, 2.10 Math 69, 2.15 Math 70, 2.20 Math 71, 2.25 Math 72, 2.30 Math 73, 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YOU HAVE 30 MINUTES
TO MAKE ME
OSEM QUICK JELLY...



OSEM QUICK JELLY SETS FAST AND IS READY IN 30 MINUTES

So, give in with a smile
Because you can serve him the jelly he's craving for in 30 minutes in any of the flavours he loves: strawberry, raspberry, lemon, apricot, orange, pineapple, cherry or green-lemon. No cooking is needed, just mix Quick Jelly in warm water. Osem Quick Jelly is of vegetable origin. It stays set. Does not stick to the pan. And in less than 30 minutes is cool and tasty and ready to serve.
The jelly that saves the day... Osem Quick Jelly.

it's good - it's **OSEM**

A. ARIELY ADV.

FILMS IN BRIEF

(Continued from page 40)

Peter Ustinov. Directed by Michael Apted.

MOSES — Biblical spectacular with Ustinov in the title role. Some beautiful photography of Israel.

MR. KLEIN — Psychological thriller about a man in Paris in 1945 who is haunted by a dark name, and police-wanted name, who is attempting to hunt down — but his wife is dead. Jeanne Moreau appears as mistress to the elusive other Mr. Klein.

NASHVILLE — Dazzling country-music musical in which Nashville represents another Hollywood. Robert Altman, who produced and directed the film, focuses on both the positive and the negative aspects of the American Dream — the obsession with materialism and celebrity beneath the glittering surface.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in a competitive American network. Involved in TV politics are Peter Finch, who portrays a news anchor, Faye Dunaway, a top executive, and Robert Duvall, a top network officer.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST — Based on Ken Kesey's novel about a man's (Jack Nicholson) revolt against the system in a lunatic asylum. Jack Nicholson and Louise Fletcher — his nurse — received Academy Awards for their performances.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — An Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menahem Golan. This is stars real Israeli soldiers including some Israeli Cabinet faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous versions.

THE PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN — Peter Sellers is great as Chief Inspector Clouseau saving the world, but the best writers run out of ideas in the third of the series about the incompetent but holy French detective.

POCKET MONEY — A series of sketches about children at a school in a small town in the center of France which takes one into the funny and sad and sometimes disconcerting secret world of childhood. Director Francis Truffaut gets astonishingly natural performances from his young cast and even those who do not usually care for child actors in films about children will find this place worthwhile. In French.

THE PRODUCERS — The unmistakable stamp of Mel Brooks in this comedy about hard up producer and his accountant (Gene Wilder) who try to produce the worst musical ever made in a complicated plot to make a fortune.

SILENT MOVIE — Truly silent, not a word spoken in this hysterical comedy directed by Mel Brooks who also stars as a director trying to make a silent movie in Hollywood. Mel goes on with his buddies Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise.

A STAR IS BORN — Rock version of the Hollywood classic with Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson as the superstars.

TAXI DRIVER — Frustration and loneliness lead to violence, as a psychopathic taxi driver (Robert De Niro) becomes a murderer. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Screenplay by Paul Schrader.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — Release of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 black comedy about a traveling troupe which gets involved in international affairs in wartime Poland. Starring Jack Benny and Carol Lombard. Witty and acting still impact making. A release with worth seeing.

TWO-MINUTE WARNING — A singer takes aim in Los Angeles Coliseum where 10,000 fans are gathered to watch a football game. While the police discuss what to do about the shooting starts. Bloody but exciting with some.

LE VIEUX FUBIL — Set in the French provinces in 1944 as the German retreat before the Allied forces, the film recounts a doctor's (Philippe Noiret) revenge for the slaughter of his family and friends. Fine script, marred by excessive brutality.

Special film showings:

ONEARF — Experimental film (Jerusalem, Pappas Pocket Theatre, 8, Borsali, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

OIGI — (1988) The famous Parisian musical about a French girl who becomes a top. Winner of many Academy Awards. Stars Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold. (Jerusalem Cinematheque, today at 2)

ROBIN AND MARIAN — Robin Hood (Sean Connery) returns to Maid Marian (Audrey Hepburn) and Sherwood Forest after an absence of 20 years spent crusading. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 2.30)

HAVE WOMEN the right to political status, or impact, or what is called clout? Most of the world these days thinks they have. But it seems to work out better when they achieve it on their own than when they have it thrust upon them, or marry it.

The new Prime Minister of India has called women political leaders "devilish," producing a list of past, present, and possibly future top women of India, Israel, and Sri Lanka, plus Margaret Thatcher. In saying this, he observed that in the past the chain-planned women's political rights (he also gave up sex half a century ago, though this is no doubt irrelevant) but has recently changed his mind.

Well, political power has corrupted people for millennia—men, women, and homosexuals. But women today can reach high positions, if not the highest, and still retain their morality and humanity and good sense, provided they have these qualities to begin with, and provided they achieve power on their own and not as inherited or reflected glory.

A good example is America's new Secretary of Commerce, Juanita Morris Kreps. I'm especially pleased about her because I knew her years ago, when we were both very junior economists in Washington. She was an unusually gentle and lovely girl with a quiet way of making everybody like her, and I gather she hasn't changed a bit. I remember her descriptions of Berea College in Kentucky, a school for the poor which emphasized self-help, self-discipline, and excellence; it was, she was recently quoted as saying, the most important factor in her life.

History gives us more romantic and dramatic parables of woman's place and power—Caesar's wife, Wallis Simpson. We were reminded that the age of political chivalry is not yet dead, or so it seemed at one point last week, when governmental, if not royal, power was abdicated for a woman. But it was Caesar's wife who sent me back to the history

books. Her name was Pompeia, and the noblest Roman of them all divorced her because she was accused of an affair with another Roman politician. Not that Caesar thought she was guilty. But, as he put it, or rather as Plutarch says he did, "Caesar's wife must be above suspicion."

Thinking about Juonita, I came upon the name Cornelia while reading about Caesar, because Cornelia was either another wife of Caesar's or else Pompeia in happier days: as a young man, Caesar "rejected a proposed marriage with a wealthy capitalist's heiress" and married Cornelia instead. When Sulla returned to Rome (we are in 82 B.C.E.), he ordered Caesar to divorce Cornelia. Caesar refused, and Sulla deprived him of his property. How's that for gallantry?

After this, Caesar lost his political backing and had no power behind him "save that of the discredited party," and he "plunged into a network of political intrigues which it is no longer possible to unravel."

This digression brings us in no time at all to Belt Sokolow, where the new Women's Party held a press conference last week. I went along out of curiosity; but ringing in my ears was the comment a big tough man I know had made earlier, which is neither original nor profound, but true. "I'm voting for the woman," he said, "because the men have made such a mess of things."

All five candidates for the Women's Party Knesset list, headed by Shoshana Ellings, are mothers. All are extremely serious about their cause, but this purely Israeli version seems more balanced and low-profiled than American prototypes. And even compared to, say, Geula Cohen, the Likud's Woman-in-Residence, all five have voices that are soft and gentle, an excellent thing in women.

Why should there be a Women's Party at all? Certainly a basic question. If the legislative body were all-woman and all-secular, the answer would be that there

Women and politics

shouldn't. But there are, or have been, lists or "places" representing pensioners, Yemenites, flat-owners, Rumanians, Christian Arabs, Egged, the Teachers' Union, and the agricultural settlements (22 of these, to "uphold the interests" of less than 4 per cent of the population).

There are more women than there are any of these — over half

of the population — and as women, many of them increasingly feel, they have particular problems and interests demanding attention on a national scale.

Interestingly enough, nobody thought so at the time of the First Knesset, which had 12 women members, or four more than the last Knesset, as initially composed. (Eight women were elected in 1973; vacancies subsequently brought it to 10.)

But then, Israel is probably the only country in the world in which women's roles can be seen to have regressed in the past 30 years. (There is certainly no room here to get into that discussion.) It may also be the only "modern" country in which large families are officially viewed as desirable and to be encouraged.

One of the most incredible black-and-white facts describing the status of Israeli women comes in the form of the little statistic "11.9." This, believe it or not, represents the percentage of Jewish women over the age of 14 who have had zero (repeat, zero)

years of schooling. Believe it or not, this means roughly 110,000 Jewish women. And they're not all old ladies — about 60,000 of them are between 14 and 45.

This is by no means the illiteracy rate, and I would be the last to equate wisdom with schooling. But perhaps we ought to keep it in mind more than we do. (The equivalent figure for males of 14 and over who have had 0 years of schooling is 4.0 per cent.)

THE FIVE candidates are all from the other end of the educational scale, because leadership for the underdog cause, as is well known, never starts with the underdog.

"But don't think for a moment that we don't all have personal biographies and haven't had to struggle for what we've achieved," said Thia Bat Oren, No. 3 on the list. It is also true that only women with enough money, luck, education, or iron ambition, or all four, can get to the top of most careers here — provided that she has either an understanding husband, or else none at all. And anyway, this is the individual and not the general achievement.)

Question from the press, after a little aside on *Lysistrata* (whose first performance was held 2,388 years ago): "But as a political party, don't you have views on issues other than women's problems?"

Answer, from Shoshana Ellings, who is Dean of Students at Bezalel in Jerusalem: "Of course. And the social gap is one of the most important — because among the deprived sectors of the population, women suffer the most."

Questioner, pressing on: "What about foreign policy? I read somewhere that your party is in favour of a Palestinian state."

Shoshana Ellings, with a flicker of a smile: "And where, exactly, did you read that?" The hard-digging reporter couldn't remember. And so it goes in the media. Others among the women added that "obviously our members have widely varying views on this," but that "all in

all, we're 'Dave-ish Zionists.' " No. 2 on the list, Ruth Hanan, commented that "even Begin, should he come to power, would have to sit down and negotiate with some Palestinian representative. Pnath is certainly not the only one. This is something the Palestinians themselves must decide, and those living in this area have yet to do so." End of that question.

THE PARTY's platform includes some planks that are controversial — an optional civil marriage and divorce law, family planning education and abortion on demand — and others that seem impractical or fuzzy, but certainly no sillier than the major parties' stands "against inflation and bureaucracy" or "for sound leadership." Their one point which nearly everybody would support calls for "shelters for battered wives and their children." Since this paper has been getting letters from hattered husbands as well, nobody would object to these establishments having a men's wing.

The women's view on Shulamit Aloni went something like this: we respect her greatly, but she "has had to de-emphasize the women's problems because she's dealing with so many others." They are glad to see each and every woman in the Knesset, though "often they're stifled by party discipline." Marcia Freedman supports the party but is not one of its candidates. The list was elected by "about 300 members," and an informal, private, and optimistic poll conducted by the party predicted a possible four seats in the election.

Senta Josephal, who only recently slipped into the Knesset to fill an Alignment vacancy, last week described (in another interview, elsewhere) the low level to which the Knesset has fallen. These five women can only raise the average, and I hope they get five seats: their No. 5 spot is held by Etile Carmel, and she makes a better impression than quite a few other incumbents and hopefuls one could mention. □

Metaphors of humanity

A VIEW FROM NOB
Moshe Kohn

people to whom such glories as the Sistine Madonna were well known. I am at the end of my life (he died a year later, aged 84), and I envy my dead friends who have been spared this terrible sight. I weep, and I am not ashamed of my tears."

Hauptmann wept over the fate of the Sistine Madonna. Not over the fate of the people of Dredan, let alone the people of Rotterdam or Coventry, not to mention the six million Jews who perished in the various Auschwitzes. He was not ashamed of his tears — the way, I suppose, he had not been ashamed of the tears of joy he had wept when Hitler was winning.

THE JEWISH PEOPLE must rid itself of its "morbid attachment to the past," Harold Schulweis, a noted American rabbi, philosopher, recently preached. We must stop dwelling on the "night side" of the Jewish experience, he cautioned, lest our children become too and and in-sular.

"Of course immersion in the

Holocaust will alter the psyche forever," Cynthia Ozick replied to Rabbi Schulweis (*Moment*, May-June 1978). "It is the mark of a healthy psyche that it will become sad in the face of brutality and murder. Of course Jewish children educated in the night side of Jewish existence will be sadder than the offspring of six generations of Iowa farm people. To be a Jew means to be the carrier of that kind of history; there is no way out of it..."

WILLIAM STYRON, the American novelist, visited Auschwitz and told us that the "ultimate depravity" of Auschwitz lay in its "threat to humanity" (*N.Y. Times*, June 25, 1974).

Styron reminded us that his children have a Jewish mother. We don't know how the "human" Styron would have fared in Hitler Germany. His Jewish wife and her children would not have been treated as a metaphor of "humanity."

A million Christian Slavs were also gassed and burnt at Auschwitz, Styron reminded us.

Martin Lindsay, a lieutenant-colonel in the British Army in World War II, published a book of memoirs in 1943. *So Few Got*

Through, in which he wrote: "Bruce tells me that quite a nice young German hospital nurse came to see him in his company H.Q. He showed her the pictures of the Buchenwald concentration camp. She looked horrified, then suddenly her face cleared. 'But it's only the Jews,' she said."

THE PALESTINE National Council met in Cairo March 12-20, and adopted 15 resolutions proposed by the "moderate" wing of the Palestine Liberation Organization (*The Jerusalem Post*, March 29).

The resolutions defined the struggle as an "Arab-Zionist conflict," hailed "all democratic countries and forces which have opposed Zionism as a form of racism and opposed its aggressive practices," and affirmed "the importance of relations and coordination with democratic and progressive Jewish forces, both inside and outside the occupied homeland, which are struggling against Zionism as an ideology and as a practice."

It's only the Zionists.

AT YAD VASHEM, the centre of the Jewish People's Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Day observance on Nisan 27, the motto is the statement by Rabbi Yisrael Baal Shem Tov: "Remembering is the key to redemption." □

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

סגור מן האכל

ROCKING NUWEIBA



Photos: Judah Passow / Text: Ruth Ariella Brody

(Above) Memphis Slim, the American blues pianist performing at the Nuweiba festival.



A Beduin folk band playing hand-made instruments.

EVERYONE AGREED. The setting for the first Blues and Rock Festival ever held in Israel was picture-perfect.

Last Friday, on the desert sands of Nuweiba, near the moonlight-drenched shores of the Red Sea, more than 5,000 people—young and old, native and foreign—converged on the idyllic site.

The Music Festival, which was held on the premises of Moshav Neviot's Holiday Village, was jointly organized and financed by the moshav and the enterprising impresario-company of Mor Zohar, Inc. of Tel Aviv.

Memphis Slim, the famous American blues pianist, received star billing, and was the crowd favourite, although he played more rock and boogie-woogie than blues, sensing correctly that this was what the energetic audience wanted.

Ariel Zilber, one of Israel's top pop singers and composers, was another main attraction, along with local Beduin musicians playing on instruments they had made themselves, and some 10 other Israeli groups who performed a wide range of rock, pop, country and western and blues music.

Allon Emanuel, the moshav's chief organizer of the festival, and Eli Halfon, the general manager of the Holiday Village and Diving Centre, were both fearful before the event that the festival might be too successful.

"What will happen if this turns out to be another Woodstock?" But their fears were allayed. The festival, which lasted from 8:00 p.m. Friday evening until 8:00 a.m. the following morning, did not create the litter nightmare that followed Woodstock. By 9 o'clock Saturday morning, the entire beach area where the thousands of spectators had descended, eaten, sung, caroused, and slept, had been cleaned. It was picture-card once more.

As the organizers predicted, the audience was com-

posed primarily of young Israelis who came from all parts of the country, joined by the permanent community of foreign hippies and beatniks who camped in the Nuweiba beach area. There was also a considerable number of vacationing tourists, mostly families with young children.

MEMPHIS SLIM, here for the fourth time, said he was delighted to take part in the Rock and Blues Festival in Israel ever had.

"The people here are the most soulful in the world," he insisted. "With the exception of the people on the south side of Chicago," he added, winking, in an obvious reference to the neighbourhood where he grew up.

"But there's another reason why this is the most ideal place in the world to hold a blues festival," he said. "Whether the people know it or not, they've got the blues."

Following Slim's half-hour performance, with the crowd screaming for more, an American radio reporter rushed up to him with a microphone and queried, "What do you think of your audience?"

"Fantastic," Memphis Slim shot back, in the one word which seemed to sum up his feeling of rapport with the crowd. With his arm still outstretched, the reporter positioned the microphone closer to Slim's mouth, expecting more.

Memphis Slim paused. "Just fantastic," he repeated. The reporter hung on persistently, waiting for a more elaborate description.

"Well, if I could think of an even bigger word, I'd say it," Memphis promised. Suddenly his jovial face lit up. "It was elephant!" he declared triumphantly. Turning to his amused French wife, Christine, he explained, "That was the biggest word I could think of."

The magic circle

POWER AND RITUAL IN THE ISRAELI LABOUR PARTY by Myron J. Aronoff. Assen/Amsterdam, Van Gorcum. 184pp. Dfl. 88.

Dina Spechler

THE STUDY of politics is the study of power. But it is also the study of impotence. In his exciting new book on the Israeli Labour Party, Tel Aviv University professor Myron Aronoff shows how a tiny minority at the party's centre monopolizes power and ensures that everyone outside the magic circle remains without it.

Prof. Aronoff argues that not only the ordinary, rank-and-file members of the Israeli Labour Party, but also the vast majority of party functionaries and office-holders, have no real influence on policy. He attempts to explain how this situation arose and the means by which it is perpetuated.

He also explores what might be called the experience of impotence: what their membership and activities mean to the apparatus which keeps the party machinery going but have no say on the direction in which it moves.

What makes this book particularly interesting is Prof. Aronoff's method of studying the party that has shaped the basic character of Israeli politics and society. Most works on political parties are either historical accounts of their development, or structural studies of their chief institutions, or functional analyses of their role in a political system.

These studies are usually based on written documents, such as membership records, platforms, and constitutions. Sometimes they involve observation of party representatives at work, meeting constituents, appealing to voters, and distributing favours.

Such studies rarely offer the reader a glimpse into the inner workings of the party itself. When they do so, it is usually on the basis of second-hand information which the author has received from someone "in the know."

Although Prof. Aronoff makes use of these traditional scholarly devices, he is not content with them. His work is based on personal observation of the debates and discussions in inner party circles.

For six years, from 1969 to 1974, the author, aided by a team of eight assistants, made the rounds of party meetings, conferences, and congresses, and even informal gatherings of the party elite. Not a book and tape recorder in hand, he listened, and watched local and top party bodies—including the Standing Committee, the Nominations Committee, the Central Committee, and the Party Conference—holding their debates and going about their business. He came away with first-hand knowledge of what the Labour Party's operations look like, sound like, and feel like to those who take part in them.

WHAT THESE observers saw and heard were what Prof. Aronoff calls the "rituals of power." A ritual, Prof. Aronoff explains, is not merely (and not necessarily) a primitive rite—an occasion for donning special costumes, mouthing sacred and long-established formulae, or making strange gestures. It is a social form which enables its participants to deal with ambivalence about their social roles.

They can express conflicting interests and outlooks which, if brought to the surface in any other setting, would threaten the unity of the group. And they can confront painful disparities between the ideology of the group and social reality, which they could not otherwise admit. The participants perform actions and pronounce words which reflect the group's traditions and thus have deep symbolic meaning and serious implications for themselves and the audience.

For the most part, their actions and utterances are prescribed for them, although they have some freedom to deviate from the established script. However, the outcome, as in all rituals, is



known in advance. Clearly a ritual will only be practised when there is someone who is completely in control of the situation, able to dictate what will take place. And ritual can only be introduced where there is great respect for tradition and traditional forms.

In modern societies there are few examples of such extensive control or reverence for tradition. And in most modern political parties, behaviour is not generally dictated and predictable. The exceptions to this rule are found in one-party and dominant-party systems, in which there is only one meaningful arena for political action and advancement. In such systems the would-be activist or office-holder has only one real alternative, only one route to political power. This gives the party leadership a tremendous opportunity to influence the behaviour and secure the cooperation or submission of party cadres.

PROFESSOR ARONOFF'S thesis is that—at least until recently—the Israeli Labour Party has been precisely in this position. The party activist and aspiring politician at the bottom or middle of the party hierarchy could not really go elsewhere: to leave the party would have been to enter a political wilderness. The result was that a tiny circle of top party leaders could dictate party policy on all important matters.

This situation generated frustration and resentment within party ranks; these have increased as Israeli society has changed with time. Old policies and old ideological positions, still supported by the leadership, have come to appear as either irrelevant or inadequately implemented to many of the rank

and file. The party, too, has changed, and in so doing has moved further and further away from the ideals it set for itself.

There is deep discontent in party ranks with the growing economic inequality in Israeli society, which blatantly contradicts the party's egalitarian ideology. Democratic procedures and broad rank-and-file participation in the work of the party are central values promoted by that ideology, yet the opportunities for meaningful participation or real influence are increasingly limited.

There is also much unease with the role which the party has assumed in Israeli society. Party representatives are no longer a pioneering vanguard, leading their fellow citizens out to settle the land and establish exciting new forms of social organization. They are simply apparatus workers, "operators" who carry out instructions from above, but who would prefer to think of themselves in more romantic terms.

IT IS IN THIS context that ritual has become a dominant feature of party life. The top leadership must maintain its control and defend its commitment to established policies and values. The lower and middle levels of the party organization must find outlets for their growing resentments and grievances, and their ambivalent attitudes.

A real rebellion in which power would change hands is out of the question: the leaders will not let this happen and their subordinates are afraid to try. Instead, they are allowed to rebel in ritual form. The party's social and economic policies continue to be set in informal gatherings of a few

potentates; the Knesset lists are drawn up in smoke-filled chambers. But the second echelon leaders are solemnly called together to compose the party platform and approve the nominations.

They have a chance to debate, to argue, to register their protest—to insist on more representation for, and better treatment of, the Eastern communities, for example. They have an opportunity to assert the traditional values in a convincing manner and thus persuade themselves that the party still adheres to them. At a Standing Committee session, it is solemnly declared that all Jews are equal, and the participants are then content to let the issue lie.

When these rituals of assertion are all over, the policies and procedures set by the top are approved—as everyone knew they would be. The rituals have been taken very seriously. The participants depart reassured that they have done something worthwhile and that the problems they know have to be faced will indeed be solved.

This is what has kept the party functioning smoothly until recently. Party workers were offered the rituals of power rather than its substance, and the impatient were content with—or at least reconciled to—their state. The October War and the party's subsequent electoral losses may well have marked the beginning of a new era in which this delicate arrangement will no longer work.

There may be viable options open to dissatisfied party men; the leadership itself may see that changes in its procedures and policies—like the recent changes in party rules—are needed to avoid electoral disaster. Or inertia may prevail among party leaders and the electorate itself. Whatever happens, it is essential to read this important book if one wishes to understand the party's reactions to future events and the nature and limits of the changes it will make.

Dina Spechler teaches international relations and comparative politics at Tel Aviv University. She specializes in Communist politics and foreign policy.

Cliffhangers

Jennie Tarabulus

Some best-selling paperback thrillers and suspense stories available in local bookshops. Prices include VAT.

GUERRILLAS by V.S. Naipaul (Penguin, IL18.80). Strange story set in the twilight area where individuals of different cultures meet, communicate, and establish rapport only to find—too late and tragically—that there was never any understanding at all. Black Africans and white liberals set out this encounter in an emerging independent country. Powerfully written by one of the best novelists working today, with superbly described milieu giving authenticity to the inevitably violent end of the relationship between a guerrilla and an English girl. Rather frightening.

DRESSING OF DIAMOND by Nicolas Freeling (Penguin, IL17.90). Rambling, but good

detective thriller featuring French slauts, the kidnapped eight-year-old child of a Yagur tycoon married to a woman judge, and a bizarrely efficient bureaucracy of gendarmes. Wonderfully insouciant characters talk and talk with Gallic clarity, analyzing the case, motivations, and each other, the abducted child matching them all. No violence, lots of humour, intelligently written.

DEATH SENTENCE by Brian Garfield (Fawcett, IL26.20). New York accountant, whose wife and daughter are brutally murdered, secretly avenges them by becoming a lone vigilante tracking and killing muggers and thieves in darkened streets and eluding baffled police. Overemphatic but honest review of a moral dilemma and the impact on society of frustrated citizens taking the law in their own hands. Easy to read.

THE SWISS DEAL by Harry Arvey (Corgi, IL12.90). The true, moving story of a Swiss citizen

who secretly microfilmed the factory plans of the French Mirage III and V superjets for Israel is turned into a banal, dull tale of espionage in snowy Switzerland, with Russian-trained Arab spies and Israeli agents making a hash of everything.

A BAG OF MARBLES by Joseph Joffe (Corgi, IL15.25). Childhood suddenly ends in 1941 for two French Jewish brothers, 10 and 12, when their parents hurriedly send them off on their own from Nazi-held Paris to what is still an unoccupied zone. This true story, now told by one of the brothers, reads like a thriller. The children alude advancing Germans for three years, until the liberation in 1944. Worth reading as a reminder of how children, too, were hunted by Nazis to fill their death quotas. Translated from the French.

THE BLACK TOWER by P.D. James (Sphere, IL19.25). Palpable evil, gossip and jealousies swirl around a private estate and home for the disabled in Dorset, where a visiting Scotland Yard detective is an unwilling witness to a series of unexplained gruesome murders (which almost include his own).

Nice, old-fashioned crime mystery using village background with local constables, spinsters, and poison letters. Well written by Mrs. James, a possible successor to Agatha Christie.

THE GODSON by Gloria Vitasna Basila (Corgi, IL24.80). Story of how the Italian mafia originally seized power by buying out greedy absentee feudal landlords. The protagonists belong to a noble, patriotic family that is hunted and marked for extinction during a three-generation struggle to free Sicily from terror. This purple-prosed, soggy saga ends with a king-sized act of revenge that is guaranteed to satisfy the meanest readers.

FLETCH by Gregory Medonald (Avon, IL26.80). Top suspense thriller laced with off-beat humour and zany repartee as brash, sympatoo undercover reporter who hates his first name—Irwin. Los Angeles cops, millionaire aviation industrialist, news editors and innocent drug addicts mix wildly in a superb double plot that splits wide open the surprise ending. Edgar Award winner Fletch is a smash entertainment.

THE FANTASTIC IMAGINATION edited by Robert H. Boyer and Kenneth J. Zahorski (Avon, IL22.90). For lovers of high fantasy, this anthology of 18 stories, written between 1811-1874 and including such outstanding authors as John Buchan, Lord Dunsany, C.S. Lewis and Mark Van Doren, is a treat. I found Beagle's *Comes Lady Death* the most intriguing story and Tolkien's *Riddles in the Dark* the funniest. We are given short biographies of each author and a good introduction by the editors, with a useful definition of the genre.

THE NURSING HOME MURDER by Ngalo Marsh (Fontana, IL15.25). New pocket edition of a 40-year-old classic of skulduggery in the surgery. A British cabinet minister dies suddenly, and suspected aristocrats rejoice. An aristocratic Scotland Yard man looks into the case. Details of an appendectomy with an anaesthetist who arrogantly notches his stethoscope for every successful operation will make modern surgeons gasp. Great vintage stuff for crime buffs.

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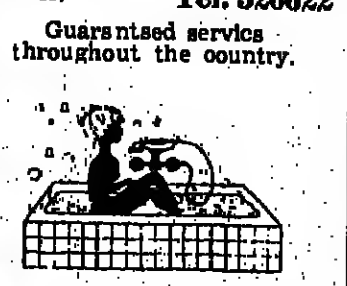
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The curator as artist

ART ON THE EDGE by Harold Rosenberg. London, Secker & Warburg, 303 pp. £6.00

Meir Ronnen

WHY ON the edge? For Harold Rosenberg, dean of American art criticism, art is always on the edge, that is, coming to an end — and therefore at the beginning of something new. There is a widespread feeling today that modern art — all the lema since Impressionism — is dying or dead; and this collection of essays, practically every one of which was published in *The New Yorker* over the past six years, is something of an obituary.

Rosenberg finds that art, particularly in New York, is sliding over the edge of a cliff that descends into a sea of non-individualist generalities, into which flow the muddled waters of commercialism and the effluents of the mass media. He thinks it self-evident that modernism, that great upheaval that began a century ago and put an end to salon painting and more representation, has already been played out, and that even the so-called avant garde movements have come to an end. "One idea now seems as good as another, and no idea best of all," is typical of his very view. The edge for him was personified in the mass display of trivia at "Documenta 72" in Kassel, when the trivia took their place beside works of major historical importance.

In these essays, some of which are about particular exhibitions, Rosenberg deals with situations as well as with a number of major art figures: intellectual, institutional, financial. But much of what he writes about is applicable largely to institutions in the U.S., and some of it is already out of date following the crushing blow dealt to the art world by the current recession.

Rosenberg has hard things to say about the American museums of the Sixties and early Seventies and their manipulation of artists, trends, and money (much of which came from public sources as well as foundations). "Public sources" also includes the Internal Revenue Service, for a collector who bought a work for \$5,000 can often get a museum to value it at \$50,000 if he presents it to the museum as a gift. The gift is then worth \$50,000 to the donor as a tax-deductible gift to a recognized cultural institution. Such donors could also be found among the board-members of the various museums.

The American museums were, for more than a heady decade, the target of dealers, collectors, artists — and even curators — on the make. And even the better-known institutions, competing for paying audiences, put showmanship ahead of scholarly endeavour.

Rosenberg points out that when the museums succumbed to bureaucratic corruption they disqualified themselves as the ultimate art critics. He accuses them of showing favouritism, in buying and showing, falsifying art history, using museum prestige to enhance investments made by trustees, and making secret deals to acquire properties. He specifically refers to "the scandals surrounding the Metropolitan."

When Rosenberg wrote this particular essay, bidding at auctions



oeuvre of such disparate artists as Duchuffet, Steinberg, Warhol and Giacometti.

Rosenberg disdains getting involved with mere technique, but this is also his blind spot: his otherwise very perceptive monograph on Giacometti makes no mention whatsoever of the mechanics that link the great Swiss to Cezanne.

While his writing is anything but slick, he cannot resist the plucky New Yorkerish phrase. In explaining how Andy Warhol's pop art has reduced itself to the lowest common denominator in order to reach the widest possible audience, he describes it, *ex-pas-sant*, as "no-art" and "anti-art." The use of "anti" rather than "Andrew," is, he claims, another part of the popular appeal pitch (no doubt also true of Carter's "Jimmy").

IN WRITING an epistle to a young artist who took him to task for not seeking out young talent in the studios and lofts, Rosenberg notes that many artists today are not primarily makers of objects but of public images of themselves. To Duchamp, the signature was enough, perhaps more important than the work itself.

Rosenberg suspects that critics (and, I believe, curators) well-versed in their studios not to discover new talent, but to enlist them as allies in a point of view; and that some critic-historians even contend that, left to himself, the artist will deviate from the current course of art history and inadvertently topple over the wrong edge and plunge into oblivion. Others (including curators in Israeli museums) historically valid projects for artists to carry out. The survivors among the artists are those who were "lucky enough to pick the winning critic," Rosenberg, like this writer, believes that art should be left to the artist.

As the image of the old, pleasing, aesthetic, moving or emotional painting and sculpture fades, the "new critic" (and "new curator") undertakes to raise artists into public visibility. These new critic-curators, Rosenberg points out, become an independent power in art, the director-partner, collaborator of the artist and, ultimately, his rival for a place in art history. "He coordinates their shows, suggests materials, even creates links between the artist and the business world."

The leading and most talented curator in this country, Yona Fischer of the Israel Museum, has long adopted this role, undertaking activities not only on behalf of certain artists, but also of private galleries. This year Fischer (together with Elieheva Cohen, former Chief Curator of the Israel Museum) is to receive the Israel Prize for Design — which normally goes to an artist or a designer.

Rosenberg might have noted that while not all artists manage to stay in the spotlight, the more influential critics and curators can often stay on stage until old age pushes them into the wings. The curator as the orchestrator of art history, on an international scale, is today personified by Manfred Schneckenburger, the 87-year-old German who is organizing this year's Documents at Kassel; his *Kunstweltanschauung* and personal image will probably be more in evidence than that of any individual participant. □

Gutter laboratory

SIGNAL ZERO By George Kirkham. Philadelphia and New York, J.B. Lippincott, 208 pp., \$3.95.

Yehuda Prag

THAT all been told by policemen many times before: fighting a losing battle against crime in a predominantly black neighbourhood in an American city; offering to serve a population that repays them with contempt and hatred; protecting themselves as best they can in order to stay alive and whole amidst relentless and often senseless violence; and trying to keep their sanity in almost permanent emotional haze, in areas where the bizarre and the uncanny are normal.

Signal Zero tells the same story — with a difference. The author is a young and liberal professor of criminology at Florida State University. He joined the police department of an unnamed American city for a few months because he wanted to prove a theory.

Professor Kirkham subscribes to the current and popular hypothesis that there exists a specific and definable "police personality." It is characterized by pronounced authoritarianism, superficiality to the point of perversity, general hostility towards people, a feeling of personal insecurity, aggressive physical reaction to situations of emotional stress, political conservatism and racial prejudice. Altogether an exceedingly unpleasant and potentially dangerous type that one would normally try to avoid as much as possible.

This sort of person is naturally attracted to the opportunities that police work offers in order to bolster his feeling of worthiness and adequacy, mostly at the ex-



pense of the underprivileged and the socially downtrodden. The answer to the problem of "police personality," according to this theory, is the creation of an elite force consisting of "only the most psychologically stable, best-educated and most compassionate members of a society": such a group of men and women, whose only aim would be to help and protect their fellow citizens, would quickly do away with "most of the problems associated with today's police."

ONCE A COP, Patrolman Kirkham quickly discovers the difference between studying crime under calm and carefully controlled laboratory conditions, and trying to deal with crime in the gutter where it mostly occurs.

He finds that academic language, conventional platitudes and polite requests are utterly ineffective and lost on desperate and hysterical people — so he swears and curses and barks offensive orders. When

Patrolman Kirkham is kicked in the groin for offering help to a drunken hilly, he reacts violently and wants to bash the bastard's face in — Professor Kirkham's belief that violence is "a confession of insouciance" notwithstanding.

And after he is nearly shot by a clean-looking, nice young white, whose driving licence he was about to check, he takes loving care of his gun, the very sight of which made him sick only a short while before. He also lies brazenly to protect his black patrol-partner, who was unable to stand up to particularly vile verbal provocation and landed himself in trouble.

Only now does Kirkham discover — somewhat late for a criminologist — that of all the categories of people dealing with crime in our society — psychologists, criminologists, sociologists, legislators, lawyers, judges and policemen — the latter are the only ones for whom crime is not merely an academic pursuit. And that only policemen, in the entire system of criminal justice, are forced to participate in the actual mechanics of violent crime.

For Kirkham, all the others are learned outsiders who have never had to act whilst in the crushing grip of fear, who have all the time in the world to sit in judgement over split-second decisions made by policemen in danger, and who always know the difference between right and wrong. Policemen all over the world have been saying this for years, without much visible effect.

"Signal Zero," in American police parlance, is the code-word for a radio distress-call meaning "policemen in danger."

The message comes over loud and clear: the desire to do one's job and at the same time to "remain alive and uninjured" is the lowest common denominator for every human being — including professors of criminology. □

The reviewer is a former commander of the Tel Aviv police district.

Lay therapist

SEXUAL SURROGATE: notes of a therapist by Heather Hill with John Austin, Chicago, Henry Regnery, 148 pp., \$7.95

P.A.V.

THERE SEEMS to be a spate these days of elegant dust-jackets concealing graceless contents; in this case, silver and blue felicity with futuristic innards.

Neither sex, nor aim, nor red-blooded pornography, this book was written by John Austin, a journalist who was approached by Heather Hill to write about her work as a sex surrogate.

Miss Hill (jersey and pearls and sensible shoes) describes a sexual surrogate as: "a third party who counsels troubled minds, helps keep marriages together, brings people out of a twilight world into the real world in a non-clinical atmosphere."

She seems to have convinced Mr. Austin that she was more than an expensive call-girl and, indeed, she is licensed by the state of California both as a physical therapist and as a psychiatric technician (sic). It is undeniable

that many people do have sex problems and need help. Well, Heather is there to give it to them, against my expectations, sincerity and warmth show themselves in the rather naive Kraftt-Ebing-like stories.

In her preamble, Heather rails against Victorian attitudes to sex and is proud that her own sexual technique was not learned in parked cars. "My mother taught me everything I know about sex," says Heather. "She showed me with her hand how to go about masturbating a man...how to give a man oral sex...and how to accept anal sex, but only as a last resort."

Hardly a typical Jewish Mother. Maybe I can't throw off the inhibitions of my Georgian (V and VI) childhood, but I find this a bit much to swallow — as Linda Lovelace said to King Kong.

Heather runs an ad in a national newspaper that says: "Physical Therapy by On's Who Cares"

and this book is a collection of stories about some of the people who came to her as a result of this advertisement.

YOU CAN READ all about Patrick, the Dublin-born parish

priest who seduces 14-year-old girls, wears nylons and panties and demands to be spanked with a 12-inch paddle inscribed: "Board of Education — Grip Here Firmly in Case of Frustration."

Patrick is followed by The Kotex Kid, a well-endowed 22-year-old who suffers from "menstrual pains" and wears sanitary pads. Bob, test pilot and Harry, who revel in enemas, Bob with the embellishment of ruffled, pleated panties, nylons and a garter belt and an ability to retain five quarts of water. He says it makes him feel pregnant.

Heather doesn't have much therapeutic success with either of these; but the young Indian couple, Ambal and Indira, are another ball-game entirely. Ambal is a naughty young man whose problem is that he cannot get his wife "to do the sexual things I desire."

This is a very gustatory episode and Heather goes to town with a feast of minty toothpaste, musk and cherry-flavoured mineral oil interspersed with hot baths, tea and sympathy. The *Bonne Bouche* can be imagined.

And so on for 13 other stories, with pathos and suffering at times, shaming this reviewer's laughter. At the end of this book there is a glossary for the uninitiated, and one term begs for quotation — Wrinkle Room; a bar specifically for older gay men and women. □

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מגזין אל אל

Long ago and far away

Aliza Morini

WE'RE ALL "ethnics," every one of us, everywhere. Except that some of us have quaint folkways than others, or ones that make a better basis for heads and hostess gowns. The word "ethnic" in any case, which strictly speaking refers to race rather than nation, has been the big fashion thing for several seasons.

This may betray the feeling that the charms of long ago and far away are greater than those of here and now. And the persistence of "ethnic fashions" — we're now practically into "après-ski ethnic" — is further indication that fashion now lingers along in comfortably low gear.

Not that the look has ever been long absent. Our mothers and grandmothers were dirndls and anrls as modified by Molyneux and Schinparelli. And here, for those romantic nights on the gores, they conscientiously wore Russian-style embroidered shirts: but that was when ideology was in flower. It is interesting that the two local fashion firms which have taken the hard road to success — i.e., building on locally produced fabrics — are Maskit and Rikma, and both deal in ethnic flavours. Appropriately, because the capricious, not to say never-rackng, character of local textile finishers and printers lends itself to the imprecise, imperfect ethnic essence. This is called making a virtue of a necessity, and we were once quite good at it in several fields.

"Ethnic" can mean anything from vague geometric patterns to rich handwork; from something snatched off a Genuine Peasant to something painfully hotbed by design and merchandising committees. Or it might be made by the Peasant just for the Tourist. Personally, I am convinced that urges which start out as liberation movements often wind up as specialty cuisine or folk-dancing troupes, in the good old money-making tradition.

In tone, not to mention pseudo-sociology, the ethnic style can be seen as the antidote to the jeans style, though they often meet at the middle, as in ethnic tunic toping denimed bottom. Ethnic, like its furniture equivalent of rustic, radiates tradition and, not always

truthfully, a no-two-olike individuality. By contrast, jeans are a uniform. Reassuringly conformist, they have a sturdy sameness of colour and texture with no nonsense of decoration — except as decadence sets in, with dollar signs embroidered on the *tussik*. This gives the wearer the best of several worlds — a hand-crafted symbol of hard currency designed, possibly, by Serge de Nim. (A little joke: "denim" is derived from an early French cotton twill called *serge de Nimcs*; "jeans" is thought to come from another cotton twill, made in Genoa).

ALL THIS is by way of introduction to Maskit's summer collection which, as I heard a customer at the Tel Aviv shop remark, is "a pleasant surprise to see so enry — for Maskit!" It isn't earthshaking, but who wants the earth to shake these days? And what's in the shops isn't nearly as extensive as the production line at the workshop. Under the direction of Mickey Melitz, formerly of Kav le Kay it promises to move more briskly than in the past.

At Maskit, one can be self-seeking subjective, as women shoppers are apt to be; or one can be academic and objective and observe how the ethnic becomes adapted to the wearable. Since the elements include both fabric and dress style, the permutations are several. Maskit's purest venture into this also became its classic: Pini Leitersdorf's Desert Coat in hand-woven wool. I am very sorry that Pini does not appear in the summer collection, but Riki Ben Ari, who designed much of it, is always welcome, especially with her attention to comfort and wearability in cut.)

The hand-woven tradition turns up as inspiration for a machine-woven series of stripes designed by Neora Warshavsky based on Gaza stripes and done in a cotton that might be too heavy for Tel Aviv. I But half the girls here wear jeans all summer that are much heavier, so who is to make such judgements? It comes in a tailored shirtwaist with old-fashioned collar — ethnic fabric into classic silhouette. Or it gets the ethnic treatment with a modern smile, as in a long loose shift with brightly embroidered "kangaroo pocket" placed just a

(Left) 'Ethnic' caftan in cotton print; IL 390. (Right) Little sundress in airy batiste print by Judy Levine and day dress in cotton poplin designed by Riki Ben Ari in a positive-negative print by Oded Burla.

bit higher than a kangaroo might arrange it. Flamboyantly ethnic prints may also be flamboyantly ethnic in silhouette, as in Ruth Zarfat-Sternachuss' cotton caftan, whose pattern is carefully conceived for the full-length effect. The price here is IL390, or less than dinner for two at a not necessarily fabulous restaurant. This belongs in the "hostess" category, but I have seen similar outfits out morning shopping for ethnic soft drinks.

A subtle print using folk-art forms by Oded Burla, printed both light-on-dark and dark-on-light, in pure cotton poplin, makes an apron-wrap-around dress, bare at the top. The same print is also used in a loose, long-sleeved dress, and I heard customers wishing it could be had in short sleeves. (Can you please everybody? No.)

Another bare sundress uses a print designed by Judy Levine, who finds design elements at such places as the Israel Museum; a portion for this one came from a *kipo*: from covered head to uncovered shoulders.

A pitfall for the not-so-young appears with peasant flounces and puffed sleeves, designed by Riki Ben Ari in another Judy Levine print; ethnic source here, a bit of Turkish bookbinding. I saw no version with short sleeves and less girliness, and older women, trapped by the appeal, can end up looking, albeit supremely rustic, like the gaga village crone.

Moroccan tiles were the starting-point for another Judy Levine print, made up into a handsome shirt-tunic. It is shown paired with a tiered-and-flounced black skirt — here we have joined the gypsies — but could certainly go over slacks, the immutable ethnic garb of Yemehle and Western women.

"Whenever I go through my clothes to see what I want to get rid of, I find that the ones I want to keep always seem to be Maskit," a well-dressed friend said to me recently. They are not everybody's cup of tea and many styles are not for plumper figures, but Maskit's pre-thinking helps preserve the enthusiastic and unwary from plunging into the

ridiculous. (Production runs about two-thirds in sizes 40 and 44, the rest in 38 and 44.)

Those who have clung to their enrrler, and especially embroidered, Maskit's now possess items whose value has more than kept up with inflation. Handmade labour is now barely available, and wages asked by Arab women even for embroidered belts are prohibitive. Imported embroidery is much cheaper, because "ethnics" of the For East do not have the upwind expectations of Arabs in the areas held by Israel. Maskit exports to America last year grossed a quarter of a million dollars. They included fashions, jewellery, rugs and giftware and were made within the "showcase" framework of sales to Jewish communities, under Ruth Dnyan's direction. Last month, when Ruth Dayan took a "showcase" to Philadelphia, sales grossed \$50,000.

At the Tel Aviv shop last week I heard the comment that "the list is too young." I also heard the comment that "It isn't young enough." Fashion shares much with politics. □

THE CHILD'S WORLD

IT'S NO SECRET that Israel is a child-oriented society. I suppose it was only a matter of time until someone gave the little darlings what they had been lacking — a department store of their very own.

Shilav L'yeled, a four-level store in the fashionable Dizengoff area of Tel Aviv, is devoted solely to the needs of youngsters from one to 10. It covers a wide range of goods — from furniture to gramophone records, virtually everything you need for a child, apart from food and footwear. As far as I know, it is the first and only such store in Israel. Obviously, you can find all these goods under one roof in a regular adult store — but scattered around various departments.

Don't confuse the new store with the more familiar one-stop shops for the requirements of infants and very young children. Shilav L'yeled, in fact, is an outgrowth of such a one-stop baby shopping centre, called simply Shilav Ltd. — or in its English version, "Sheloves." Both enterprises are managed by a young couple, Yitzhak and Shoshana Oren, parents of two little boys.

The new youth store has taken over a large section of an old dwelling house at 48 Frishman St., just off Rehov Dizengoff (behind the Tivoli Cafe). Just look for the giant Donald Duck, which rotates with the wind.

A department store for children is, of course, no place to take a child — if you want to watch your budget and not risk a nasty tantrum in public. The Orens would love you to bring the children — they even provide play corners for them while their parents shop.

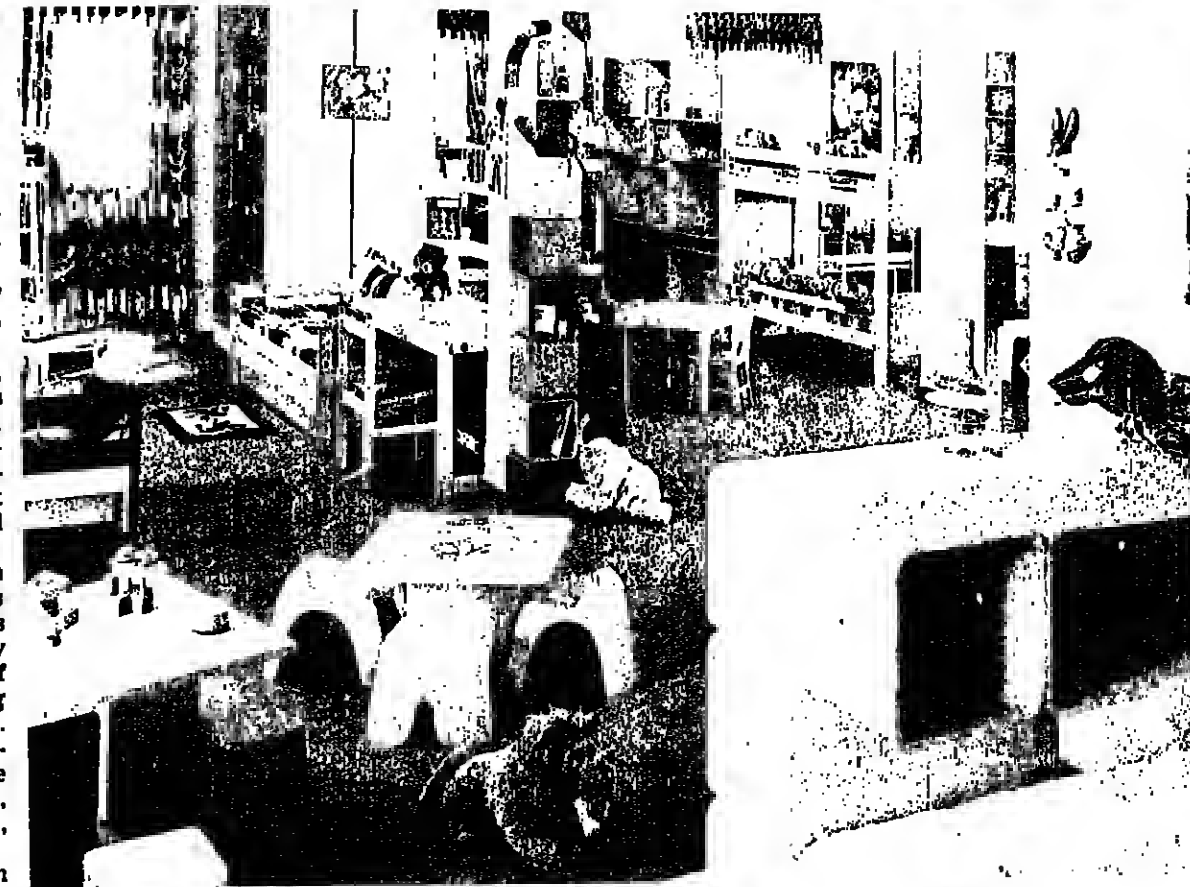
Few children, I suspect, will get past the entry without begging their parents for the first item which meets the eye. It is a complete bedroom set shaped like a motor vehicle, steering wheel and all. I suspected it was an import, but it turns out to be made in Israel (mainly for export) by "Ron" of Moshav Nir Zvi. Covered in red formica with shiny metal trim, the unit combines a single bunk-bed, clothes closet, shelves, desk, toy chest and bed-dressing box all in one, with a price tag of IL10,250 including VAT.

If you're lucky, your child may forgo the motor-bed and settle for the stuffed lion, about the size of a real lion cub, for a mere IL300 or so, which guards the entrance.

If you promised Junior an electric train as ransom for the Seder *affman*, you can find several models at Shilav L'yeled from about IL220. Or a rocking horse for IL410. Or a giant Lego set for IL760. (These prices are pre-VAT.) Older children might like the newest game from Amhad (a subsidiary of Amcor) called *Zakum* — *Halsitil* (Pollution — Help!), a Monopoly-type board game for the ecology-minded at IL88.

THE ORENS say they select their stock carefully for quality and particularly for safety. They have become alert to such problems as the type of paints used on toys and furniture which small children may chew on.

With locally-made furniture, especially playpens, the Orens check on the type of paint used, to make sure it is lead-free. When it comes to imports, they must take the importer's word as to safety.



A child's eye view of some of the toys and furniture available at the four-storey "Shilav L'yeled" store.

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

The colours hardest to get in lead-free furniture paints, the Orens say, are true greens and yellows. (Locally, Tambour's new no-lead paints have pretty well solved the problem.)

Inexplicably, the imported playpens (at IL320 to IL400) are cheaper than the local ones, IL480 to IL486. The Orens point out, however, that the local wooden ones are sturdier.

The most impressive department at Shilav L'yeled, in my opinion, is the upstairs furniture floor, which offers no less than five varieties of double-decker beds, from different local manufacturers. You can get curtain fabrics to match the bed upholstery.

Customers who have used the Shilav one-stop shop for their babies are eligible for a special "customer card" at the new

department store. This gives them a 5 per cent discount on furniture, and 10 per cent on other goods. Free delivery and assembly are provided with major purchases.

THE CLOTHING department at Shilav tries to offer brands which are less familiar and less expensive than what one normally sees in the high-fashion children's shops along Dizengoff. Personally, I found the clothing department the least enticing branch at Shilav, but perhaps it will develop with time. The store has been open only six months. Land of Israel enthusiasts will be pleased to see the little dresses made by the settlers at Elon Moreh in Samaria.

The green-carpeted store with its white stucco walls and attractive potted plants is a welcome change from the usual places which sell toys and clothes for the younger generation. It is to be hoped that customers, young and old, will treat the decor with the courtesy it deserves. The enterprise keeps conventional shopping

hours, 9 to 1, and 4 to 7 on weekdays, 9 to 1 on Fridays.

The veteran branch of Shilav Ltd. for new-baby needs, is at 14 Ibn Gvirol in Tel Aviv. There are branches in Jerusalem, at 88 Jaffa Road, and Haersheba, 28 Herzl. A new branch will open shortly in Haifa, at 46 Herzl.

ANY SHOP can use the term *kol bo* — which could be translated "catch all," and generally refers to a department store. It is very much in vogue these days. If children have their department store in Tel Aviv, so do babies, according to the name of a *kol bo* chain, which calls itself *Ethabot* (Tom Thumb). It has two branches, one at Kikar Hamedina, and a newer one at 80 Pnasker St., corner of Trumpeldor.

I visited the Pnasker branch. From the exterior, it looks even more elegant than Shilav, with a ceramic tile facade and large show windows. Inside, however, the decor is nothing special. It does not look like a department store, because it is all on one floor,

staying power for shipping.

For all I know, the new tomatoes ship well too, but they are incredibly tasty. Indeed, they may even be too sweet to use in some dishes.

Inspired, we decided to make an old-fashioned dish introduced to us by some friends: tomato-potato soup. Naturally, since it was for a soup, we bought the cheaper, slightly over-ripe tomatoes sold by the vendors in the market alongside their more expensive wares.

WE BEGAN by peeling and cutting into bite-size pieces a kilo of potatoes and putting them in a pot full of water together with a few chopped onions. If we had been a bit more finicky, we would have fried the onion first, but the dish did not suffer by this omission.

As the potatoes cooked, we peered at the tomatoes by immersing

although it does fan out over several rooms. It carries a wide range of goods for babies and toddlers (from birth to three years) — furniture, clothes, playthings, even imported baby foods. The two shops are owned by a partnership, David Apeli and Shalom Prusak.

To their credit, they have introduced several nice touches. One is the opportunity to exchange unwanted baby gifts (all those things one gets at a *brit*) in return for merchandise or credit. There is a 10 per cent discount on "centroized" shopping for a new infant, through a pre-natal order placed by the expectant parents. Long, continuous shopping hours — 8:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. — have been set at both shops in the chain.

BY THE WAY, I saw a charming Itatini baby crib at Etzha'oni, in a shade of dark green. There is no way of being sure the paint on it is lead-free.

To revert to this problem: Local products are supposed to comply with an Israeli standard for the painting of children's toys and furniture. But I do wish someone from the Ministry of Health, or one of the several consumer organizations, would go around and scrape a little paint off some of these coloured playpens and cribs and have it tested for lead content. The products which test out as "lead-free" should carry labels to this effect. Then customers would have some guarantee of safety other than the shopkeeper's own word (and he himself may not really know what the paints are made of).

As I have written before, lead content in paints is mainly a problem on objects, such as cribs and painted toys, which small children are apt to put into their mouths and teethe on. Too much accumulation of lead in the system is believed to impair physical and mental development.

The question of lead content also arises in relation to dishes with a ceramic glaze. I have recently been in the market for office mugs, and I find it most irritating that no brand other than Leptid is labelled "lead-free." It is about time the law required such markings on all ceramic products intended as food containers, whether manufactured locally or abroad. □

Moriko Meisels

Tahiti trouble

THEATRE

Mendel Kohansky

MUSIC is not my business. But when I was called and asked whether I would like to attend a fully staged performance of Leonard Bernstein's opera *Trouble in Tahiti* plus excerpts from his musicals, I eagerly accepted, anticipating an evening of nostalgia. I first saw *Trouble in Tahiti* some time in the 'fifties, and the Bernstein musicals during the 'fifties and the 'sixties.

The performance in Kfar Sava was also an opportunity to see the

local Palace of Culture, a building which I had not seen before, although it is only 25 minutes' drive from my Tel Aviv home.

Despite the provincialism of its name, the Palace of Culture is an auditorium of which any metropolitan city could be proud. The elegant building has a beautifully equipped stage, enough lobby space for an orowd to circulate easily, comfortable seats and a tastefully decorated interior.

However, the impressive auditorium must have looked to the guest performers, the Indiana University Chamber Opera Company, coming as they do from the largest school of

music in America.

The products of this school, which in addition to its size also boasts a faculty studded with some of the greatest names in American music, gave a performance which was strong on voices and weak on acting. However, the young people made up for these deficiencies with their freshness and enthusiasm.

Trouble in Tahiti is one of Bernstein's earlier works which made musical history by the composer's use of the popular idiom in opera, jazz technique in the service of "serious" music. The libretto, written by the composer, is a story based on every-day life, which suggests that the action takes place in the exotic land of Gauguin, is merely a take-off on the escapist movies of the period with Dorothy Lamour in a flowered sarong.

What was new then is now a cliché, and nothing can save the opera from its banality, since there is very little action, and the acts brought all the way from Indiana should have been left there. The most interesting parts are the preludes to the scenes sung by an engaging trio of two boys and a chubby girl, in the style of the popular singers of the period. *Bernstein on Broadway*, compiled and arranged by Mark Janas and Robin Thompson, the company's musical director and stage direc-

tor, is a revue made up of excerpts from three musicals, all of them a tribute to the vitality and fascination of New York — "Babylon is the Hudson."

On *The Town* is a funny, and story of a gaggle of sailors who leave in New York who discover that the big city is the loneliest place in the world. A similar subject is treated in *Wonderful Town* where two sisters from the wilds of Ohio adjust to life in New York.

West Side Story, Bernstein's best-known popular work, is, as everybody knows, about star-crossed love set against the background of Spanish Harlem. The action and the music are exuberant, bursting with energy, and the well-known rhythms still contain delightful surprises. Even the limping choreography and the so-so acting could not spoil the delight of the music sung by fresh voices. □

BERNSTEIN WROTE it when America had first discovered that a good job and a fine house in the suburbs and all the other attributes of the "good life" do not bring happiness, and that a woman left alone in her house, surrounded with electrical appliances, while her husband is in the city working to pay for all that, is a woman left alone.

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1977

هكذا في الأصل

Tomato revolution

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

ANYONE who has bought a tomato in the last few weeks must have noticed something different about it.

Quietly and with no fanfare, a revolution seems to have taken place in our tomato fields. A new tomato has appeared. In contrast to most new strains, this one seems to have a distinctly improved flavour.

Usually, taste has been the last thing the cultivators seem to have worried about. They were concerned with colour, shape, and

them for a few moments in boiling water. There are those who even leave out this step, and claim that the peel adds a certain something. With these tasty tomatoes, however, we felt we could do without peel between our teeth.

Hardly bothering to cut the tomatoes into pieces, we put them into the pot, allowing them to disintegrate during the cooking. We flavoured the soup with a good pinch of thyme and a few leaves of fresh basil. Dried basil would have been passable, but not as good as the fresh.

When all the ingredients were fully cooked, we added salt and pepper to taste. Had the tomatoes been less magnificent, we might have also had to add a little sugar to reduce their usual bitterness when they are cooked. These, however, had nary an aftertaste.

We served the soup sprinkled with fresh chopped parsley. □



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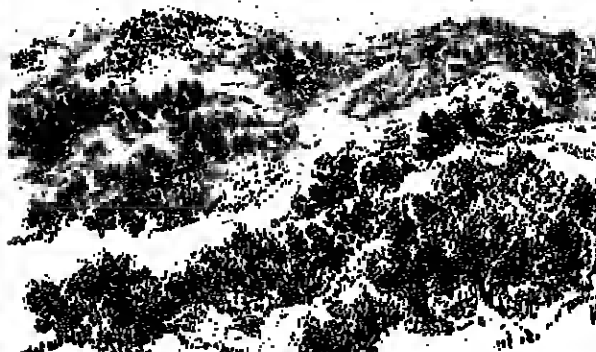
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Jules Pascin: painting (Tiroche, Tel Aviv).



Irina Ionesco: photograph (Loplop, Paris).



Leopold Krakauer: drawing (Debel, Jerusalem).

THE FOREIGN exhibitors despite their small numbers seemed to have covered the spectrum of recent years and some instances brought with them individually significant pieces. Body, conceptual and technological art, including video and film experiments, were introduced by Krinzinger Gallery (Innsbruck) and the LR Gallery (Genoa). The former presented works by the late Schwarzkopf, Rainer and Export, while the latter served up an over-the-top exercise by Buttina, titled Industrial Archaeology Art.

Transworld Art Corporation (U.S.), in addition to selected prints by the pop masters Ruchenberg, Rosenquist, Segal and others, exhibited Mark Tobey's last lithographs, part of a series being assembled for a major show next fall, a quiet summation of his mature work.

The Russian modernist masters, Kandinsky, Lissitzky and Malevich, together with a lively Delaunay, were shown at the Gallery Bagera (Cologne). Two Czech collages, a striking Linder litho and a classic Bellmer line drawing balanced a number of fidgety "musical" prints by young Michel Magnin at the Gallery Claude Bollac (Strasbourg).

Kunststiller Maubacher (Cologne) hung his own geometric abstractions in pure colors, while the exotic, mysterious and decorative motifs were supplied by Poetic Art (Switzerland), representing Jörg Schuddeh, and Vienna's Jugendstil Gallery. The single photographic exhibit was also a highlight. Gallery Loplop (Paris) showed original bromides by Irina Ionesco. Her shocking pictures, despite their theatrical staging, were packed with emotional ambiguity, stark realities and atmospheric tensions. Totally erotic, in the manner of the painter Bellmer, Ionesco transformed her young daughter's pubescence and innocence into frank, yet callously shameless, photographs, posed amidst nude libertines in ornately decorated chambers. A marvellous show that left me with too many moral dilemmas.

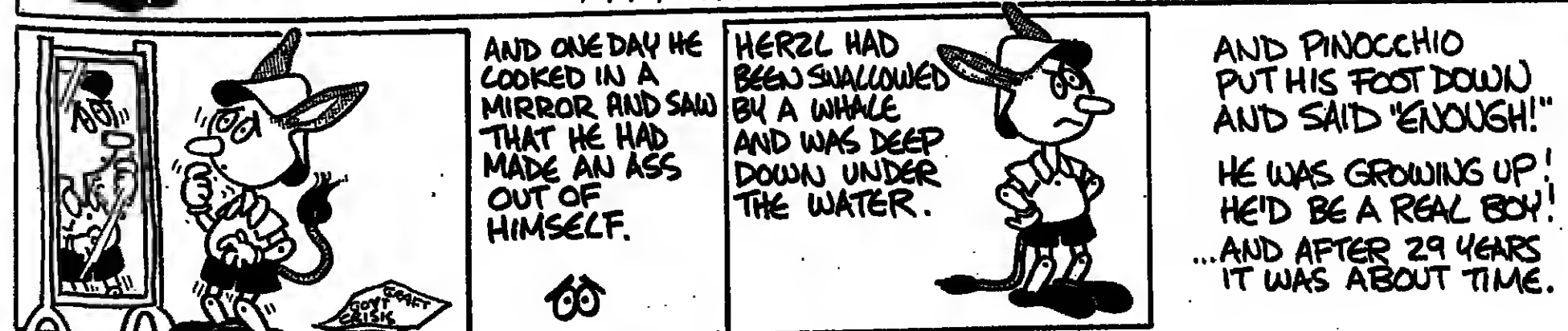
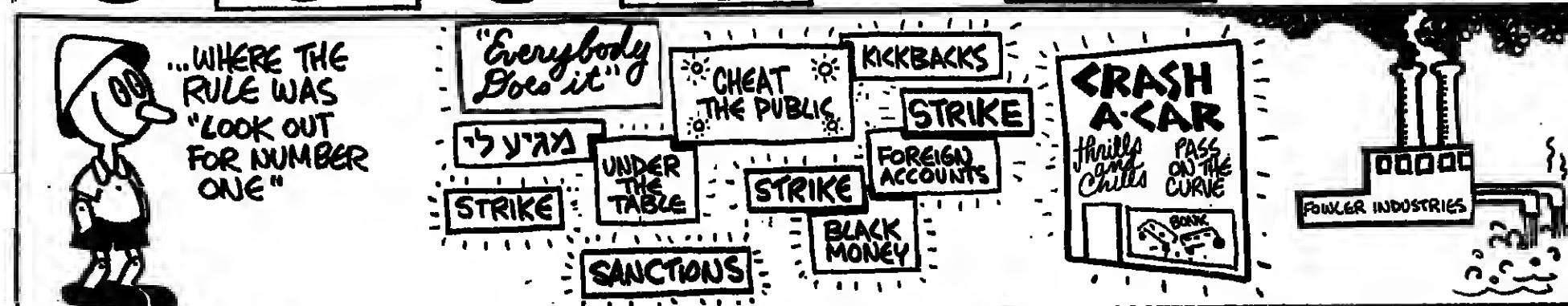
WITHOUT hesitation, I would say that this first Tel Aviv Art Fair was, from an organizational standpoint (the commercial aspect is difficult to assess), a resounding success. But the Israeli galleries which chose not to participate are blatantly absent and with them, some of our better artists have missed being represented. □

upon because of the medium's relationship to plants, had almost nothing to do with flowers; it was figurative and representational, employing the original shape and grain of the wood. (The Auditorium, Haifa).

DAN LIVNEH. Both colour and graphics of Israel, Greece, etc., with an imaginative twist. We find his usual surrealist undertone in the winding ascent to "Metemora", and again in another favourite theme, the rose in the sky. "Jerusalem" (24) combines all three motifs, the rose above and semi-ecological buildings rising among the clouds. This surreal element turns into a broad spatialism for the straight landscapes of his several "Greek Islands".

In his woodcuts, he returns to what was his original starting point: vertical panel-like construction that he uses here in "Boats at the Jetty." (Show held on board a.s. Apollonia, Haifa Port) □

The Weekend Dry Bones



Art international

Gil Goldfine

LIKE ANY other exposition, an art fair is primarily a commercial venture addressed to broad-based public tastes. Galleries accept invitations and pay substantial registration fees in the hope of generating business through exposure and dissemination of information about their stable of artists.

By the same token, because

galleries are invited, and not individual artists, criteria for their selection becomes extremely difficult. Works that are included might seem below minimal standards yet appeal to a particular segment of the populace and consequently find their legitimacy at the fair.

The public is encouraged to visit and browse, to question and learn. But it is a wrong assumption to think of an art fair as a museum or as an extended gallery. Or as an annual convenience where dealers concentrate their ac-

tivities for one week as a community service.

For Tel Aviv's first INTERNATIONAL ART FAIR, some two dozen foreign galleries and publishers of limited edition graphics from Germany, France, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and the United States joined Israeli establishments in exhibiting their wares.

Among the local dealers few surprises were noticed. The galleries that constantly maintain self-imposed standards proceeded to show their artists with modest

flair and good taste. Others carpentered their cubicles with floor-to-ceiling and wall-to-wall frames. Kitsch and second-rate works in all the media — painting, sculpture and graphics — abounded.

Mention might be made of a delicate Pascin oil (Tiroche), Reichwarger's satirical dolls (Deison-Richter), an excellent Raffi Lavie (Gordon), a small, inviting Berman tondo (Delaon-Richter), a special Miro print (Wien) and a large, naive geographical kaleidoscope by Gabriel Cohen (Debel).

Haifa Art notes

Ephraim Harris

CHAIM FLEISCHMAN. Bright, happy paintings founded on landscape represented by irregular horizontal areas in harmonious greens, purples, oranges, blues, etc., surmounted by whole or half discs. Only two items suggest perspective. The single is obviously the sun; but it can also appear in pairs, the one red, the other yellow. Elsewhere, it is still further duplicated; it can appear with an outer ring like a halo or in a plurality of rings coloured like a rain bow.

The discs sometimes top the landscape, sometimes are superimposed on it, with the result that they determine both colour and linear composition.

The more complex and personal the conception, the more Fleischman moves away from realism to painterly painting in which subject has nearly ceased to exist. (Nahmani's Gallery, Haifa). Till April 29.

FLOWER PAINTINGS and WOOD SCULPTURES. An exhibition held in connection with the Haifa Flower Show. A large selection, chiefly from artists in the city and the North, was extremely well shown, both the actual hanging and the arrangement of partitions giving satisfactory viewing to each and every picture. It was noticeable that the charge of monotony that might have been levelled against solely flower studies was avoided by a diversity of styles and approaches to the theme.

The wood sculpture, decided



Chaim Fleischman: Untitled painting.